THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLI
No. 1843

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

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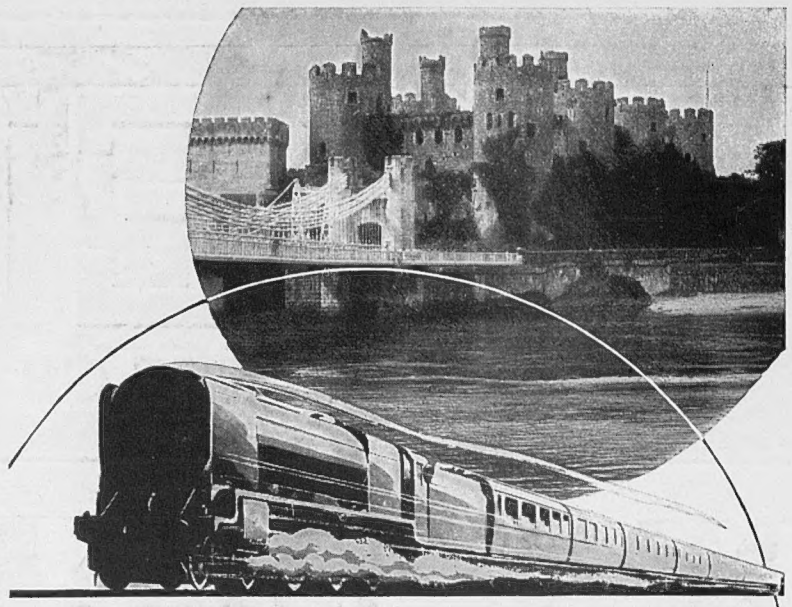

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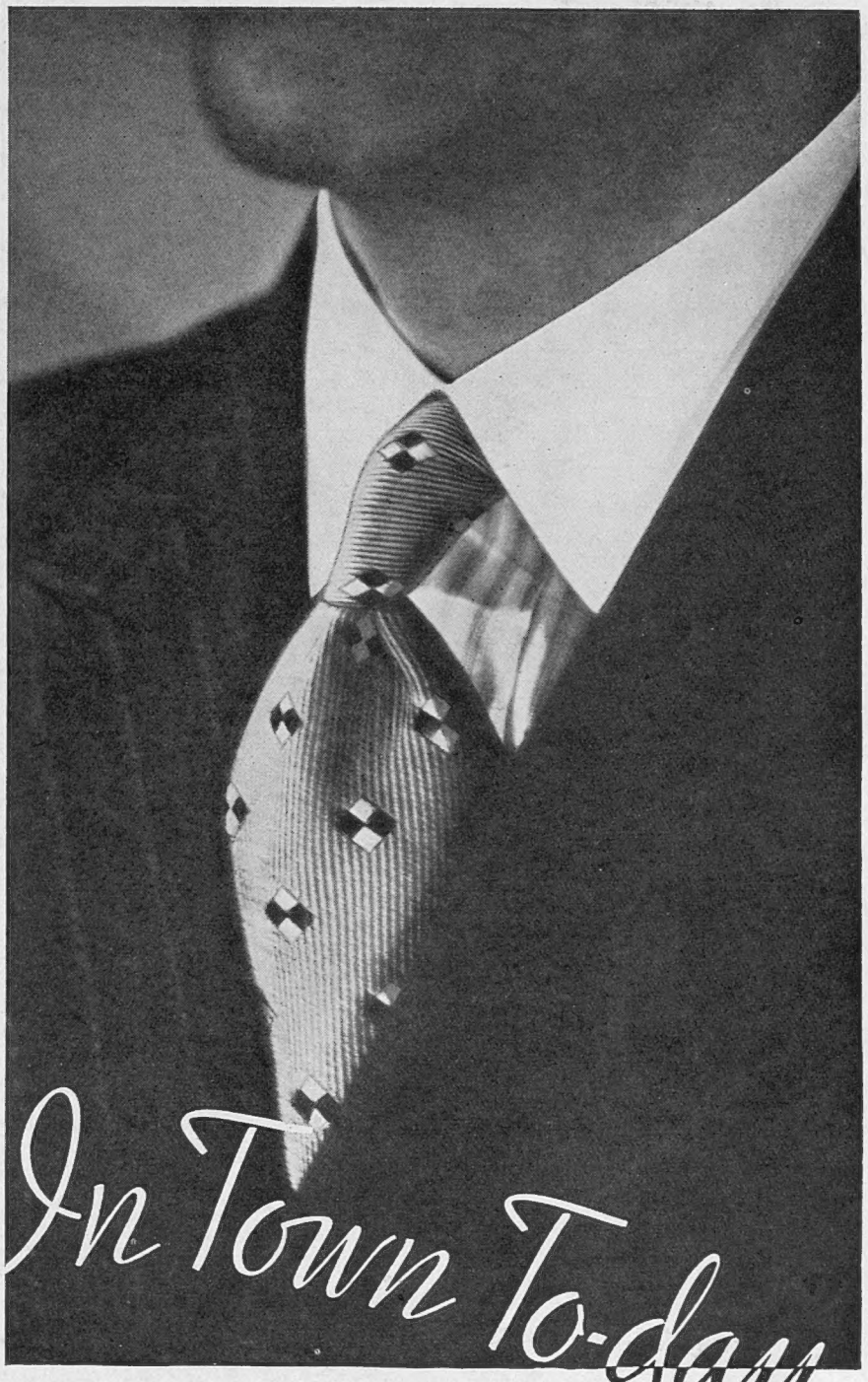

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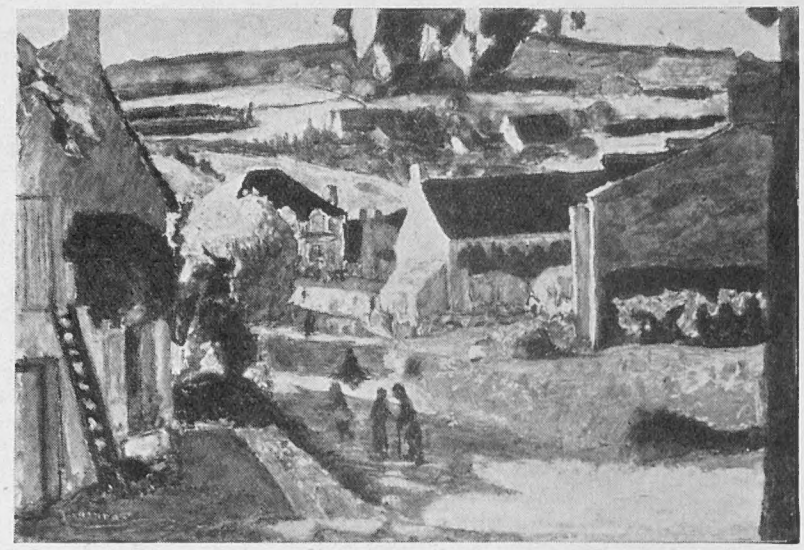

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, May 18, 1935

A JUBILEE CAMEO

A Buckingham Palace Sentry Keeps His "Beat" Clear on Children's Day

Saturday, May 11, was a red-letter day for 70,000 London children who, at the request of the King, were granted special facilities for viewing from points of vantage on Constitution Hill and in the Mall the start and the finish of Their Majesties' ceremonial drive to Marylebone Town Hall and back. For these youngsters it brought to a triumphant close a week that few British boys and girls will ever forget. On Monday the King had spoken personally to them over the microphone. "The future is yours," he said; "I put my confident trust in you." On Saturday they came in their thousands to give their answer; to convey to him by their cheers how deeply they appreciated his words. In this delightful camera study some of the "young visitors," each labelled in case he might get lost, are seen grouped around the Palace railings while the sentry, seemingly oblivious of the gaiety around him, solemnly keeps his "beat" clear

(*See also pages* 300–301)

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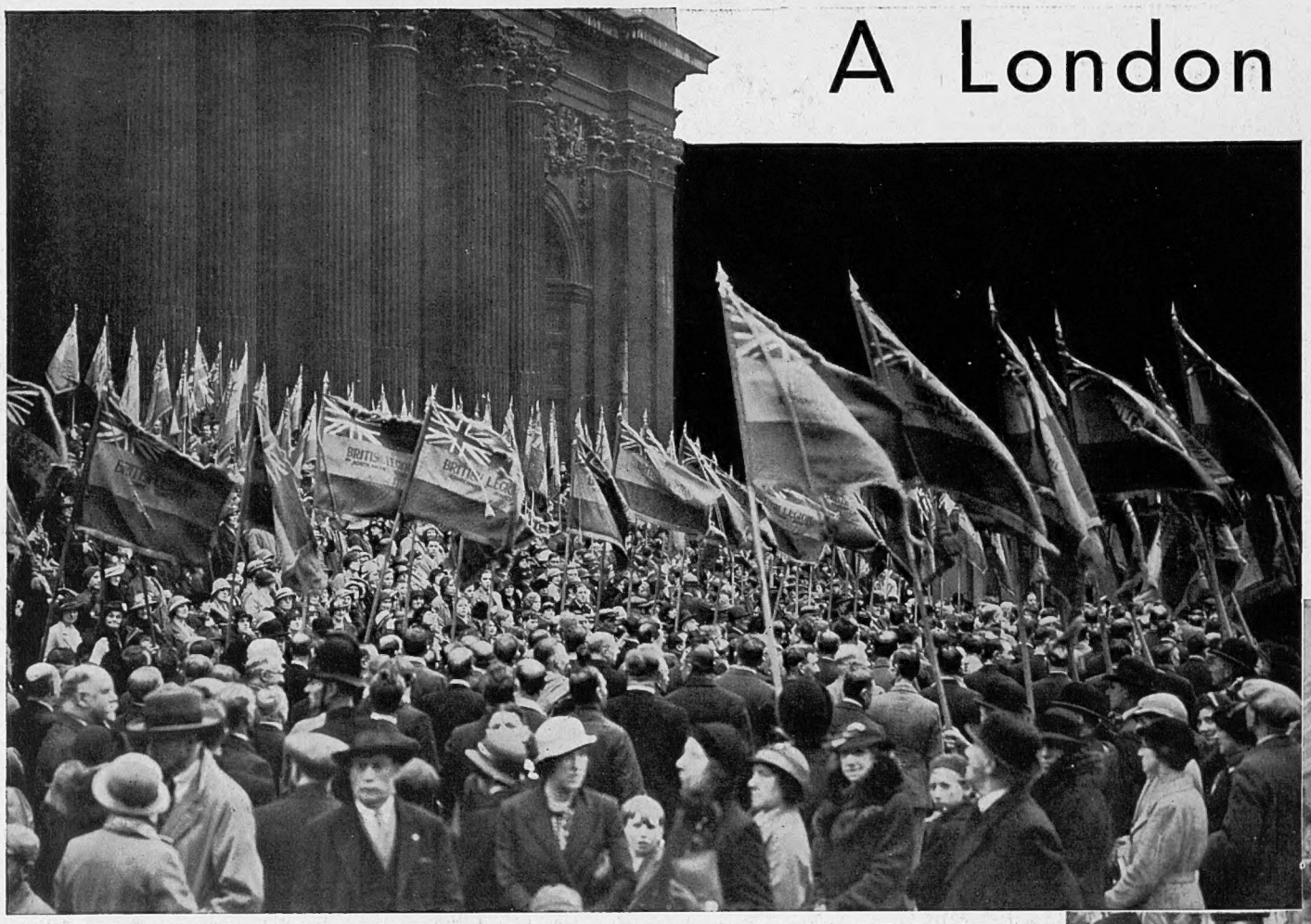


PAYING THEIR TRIBUTE: Members of the British Legion seen with their standards outside St. Paul's before the special Jubilee Thanksgiving service on Sunday evening. Those taking part assembled on the Victoria Embankment and marched to the Cathedral via New Bridge Street and Ludgate Hill

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, May 15, 1935.

BACK TO HARD TACK.—

For most of us Carnival time is over, and we are back again at the trivial round and common task. That sunlit week of splendour and rejoicing is a memory (which will not die), a gorgeous setting for the central jewel of the most gorgeous summer day in living recollection, which Our Special Providence provided for our unique day of thanksgiving and review. We realized on May 6 that we have been blessed among the nations. And now we are down again to brass-tacks. I shall allow myself to be personal for a few sentences. To me those sunlit days of Carnival had a very special significance. For two issues of THE SPHERE the "Newsletter" was discontinued. In the place of sometimes serious and quite often depressing items of current news from all over the world, THE SPHERE in a gala dress revelled and celebrated with the best, and reproduced scores of magnificent illustrations of the glories of our blood and State, of our King and of his reign. That fortnight of Carnival was a real holiday for me. I take note that for nearly ten years without a break—say for 500 weeks on end—I have not failed to bend what I am pleased to call my mind over the troublous problems, scares and crises, political and economic, of Europe and of the world, and to set down some sort of commentary on such events each week. Not always of course gloomy, sometimes hopeful, and occasionally definitely cheerful. The world moves along amid triumph and disaster, progress and failure. But (especially in the last year or two) the impression left by current European news has been disillusioning and calculated to make one pessimistic. Nothing has depressed me (personally) more than to read and comment on the constant and regularly repeated justifications by foreign States of their decisions to break their moral and treaty obligations, to re-arm, to mobilise, and generally to return to the methods of the "old diplomacy." Relief for a whole fortnight from all concern with these sorry decisions and disingenuous justifications has been precious, and past all belief healing. One has breathed the fresh air of optimism, of national fellowship, hope, faith, and pride. One has built on sure foundations, forgetting the shifting sands on which civilisation's house stands. One has lifted up one's eyes from the gutter to the hills, and one has seen the British nation as it still and truly is: honest, friendly, orderly, sober, hopeful, cheerful, efficient, and loyal. And now we resume . . . but we feel disposed to dilute for a little longer the raw spirit of hard external facts.

WESTMINSTER HALL. —

Last week's historic ceremony in Westminster Hall cries out for a fine description of that glorious monument of fourteenth-century architecture and of the great events it has staged. How it has survived is a miracle. A Government department with authority over it, possessed of both taste and a sense of the past, is quite a modern development. But survived it has, and we should be grateful to chance. It has survived a score of careless fires, revolutions, the hoof-beats of the charger of the king's champion, the brandy pots and beer mugs of generations of sometimes drunken barristers, the attentions of the death-watch beetle, the tennis balls of bluff King Hal, and the good intentions of that inspired architect Barry. Shall I paint a picture? No, a certain modesty restrains me. That picture was painted for all time by Macaulay. If the cloak of his style is considered out of date today and is worn only by Mr. Churchill, I personally admire its fashion and consider that it adorns Mr. Churchill and Mr. Churchill wears it bravely. Let Macaulay do my work: "It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just trial of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half-redeemed his fame." Some of the pageantry of Hastings' trial was reproduced last Thursday, though the costumes, except in the case of ladies, judges, and Indian princes, were somewhat drab by comparison with old days. "The avenues were lined with grenadiers, the streets were kept clear by cavalry. . . . Three-fourths of the Upper House . . . walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembly. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the Realm, and by the sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous Empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There the Ambassadors of Great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present." An excellent journalist, according to our present-day standards, Macaulay does my job very adequately. For fortunately history for ever repeats itself.

IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY: The Duke and Duchess of at Grosvenor House in aid of the Re-building

LADY DE ROTHSCHILD AND HER DAUGHTERS.—

I recommend this book by Miss Cohen (per John Murray) to readers who care for Victorian memoirs. It contains plenty of new and interesting sidelights on great figures, literary and political, such as Thackeray, Meredith, Morley, Birrell, Balfour and, of course, Rosebery, Dizzy, and Lady Beaconsfield. These Rothschild papers cover a long span—George IV to George V—and are the literary remains of Louisa Montefiore who married Sir Anthony de Rothschild; and of her two daughters, Constance who married that rather tragic "spoiled darling of Fortune," Cyril Flower, and Annie, who married Eliot Yorke. The record of their contacts with the great Victorians proves them to have been deservedly admired for their social qualities. Constance, lived till 1931, was widely known as Lady Battersea and greatly valued in society for her spirit and abilities and kindness of heart. The story of the House of Rothschild, though now "public property" through the films, is still a ticklish tale to unfold clearly. As "every schoolboy knows," Mayer Amschel Rothschild of Frankfurt (1744–1812) sent out his five sons to found banking houses; to London, Vienna, Naples, Paris, and Frankfurt. Those five sons prospered and married. All left children, so that old Mayer was given fourteen grandchildren. But when I tell you that of these fourteen Rothschilds, no fewer than nine married other Rothschilds, you will readily understand that the fourth generation (which carried on the tradition of marrying only with Rothschilds) provides its biographer with a pretty intricate family tree to lay bare and make clear. And oh! how they clung together, and backed each other up, and oh! how rich they were, how secure and snug in their Buckinghamshire palaces, and oh! how (in the main) good in habit and heart. How shrewd and sound the men, how lively and talented the womenfolk. D'Israeli ("Disi" to them) was firmly allied to them, Rosebery married into their family. But Gladstone and Morley earned their love and admiration, for though these Rothschilds were socially Tory they were politically Liberal. Miss Cohen has done her difficult task very well, and gives us a pageant of the great days of snug (and sometimes smug) security and permanence at the end of the Age of Privilege, and carries the survivors over the great gulf (1914–18) into that new world of stark reality in which we have our being. Small wonder if we "cast one longing, lingering look behind" to so much Ease, so much Grace, so much Security, so much velvet Luxury.

HOW TO PRONOUNCE.

—The B.B.C. Advisory Committee on pronunciation is a large body loosely composed of experts, pundits, perhaps a crank or so, and one or two persons of no particular importance in any department of letters. This committee I fancy enjoys itself very much and has a good deal of general conversation and pleasantly high-brow discussion at its meetings. I fancy that its lesser counterparts have for decades been among the intellectual amenities of life in a university or cathedral city during the winter, when dons and semi-literary

letter

ladies meet round tea-tables. The value of the business done by the B.B.C. committee and its authority are another matter. No one I have ever met who has any interest in the question of pronunciation pays the smallest attention to the committee's recommendations, which indeed are largely the fruits of a pleasantly intellectual and recreational hour, and ephemeral as plums and pears. The committee recommends—and the nation continues to speak English according to individual circumstances. If indeed pronunciation were a matter which could be settled by questions of the derivation of words, by the science of etymology or broadly of philology, there might be some point in setting up a small committee composed only of experts. But questions of climate and the shapes of individuals' mouths and noses play a far greater part in pronunciation: not to mention inherited traditions (as for example those traditions of pronunciation handed down in Whig families). And these big factors the committee apparently neglects. Mr. Frank Rutter, it seemed to me, placed it in a pretty dilemma when he asked it whether "landskip" was to lead the way to "seaskip." There is no reason that I know why ladies and gentlemen who set themselves up to be (more or less) "literary" should not amuse themselves by these discussions, but it would be impertinent on their part to claim any authority to guide or direct the nation's pronunciation and, to do them justice, I doubt not their experience of progress attained has discouraged them from making such a claim. Certainly it would be presumption on the part of the B.B.C. to assume the rôle of advisor on pronunciation of English, at least as long as its chief announcers continue to commit solecisms in that sphere. For how many years (for example) have we suffered under the periodic reports of *obiter dicta* by "Url de lah War?" Or by the pronunciation of Lord Home's name as "Hoam"?

declare that we are going to read no books; except, of course, biographies of King George and records of his reign. Be that as it may, I am going to allow myself to indulge in lighter topics for a week longer at least and leave such contentious subjects as disarmament, pacts, conventions, revisions, speed limits, cycle tracks, and so forth to fend for themselves. I am going to talk about horses. When I drive with my children in the car we play a game of my childhood. It is called "marking animals." Those on the near side play against those on the off side of the car. A sheep or dog spotted on one's own side counts 1, cattle 2 a head, a horse 3, and so on. A cat looking out of a window or a bishop in gaiters and apron wins the game outright. The Report of the fifth census of horses made by the Army Council, reveals the fact that the marking regulations of this game require instant revision. It is astounding to discover how few horses this country possesses. The horse, in a year or two, must join the Bishop and the Window-gazing Cat and win the game. Listen to these figures. In ten years the number of horses in Britain has declined by 33 per cent. Counting a pony as a horse, in the whole of England there are to-day only 1,250,000 "four-footed friends." The decrease has been most noticeable in the case of draught and van horses—it is 66 per cent. London, with a population of (what is it?) 8,000,000, possesses only 19,000 horses, effective and ineffective. Only one person in 400 owns a "four-footed friend," and horses are decreasing in Britain at the rate of 60,000 a year. Isn't this report something of a "bombshell"? I confess that I had imagined we still possessed millions of horses. Not at all; they are becoming as rare as bishops (and other honest men), and in a few more years there will hardly be enough for a sovereign's escort and for the coaches and landaus of ceremonial occasions.

THE "FOUR-FOOTED FRIEND."

—We insisted on a brief holiday from European crises, and there is a general impression that we are going to carry this holiday spirit to extremes, and that practically all the summer we intend to dismiss thoughts and—revel. Thus, the booksellers

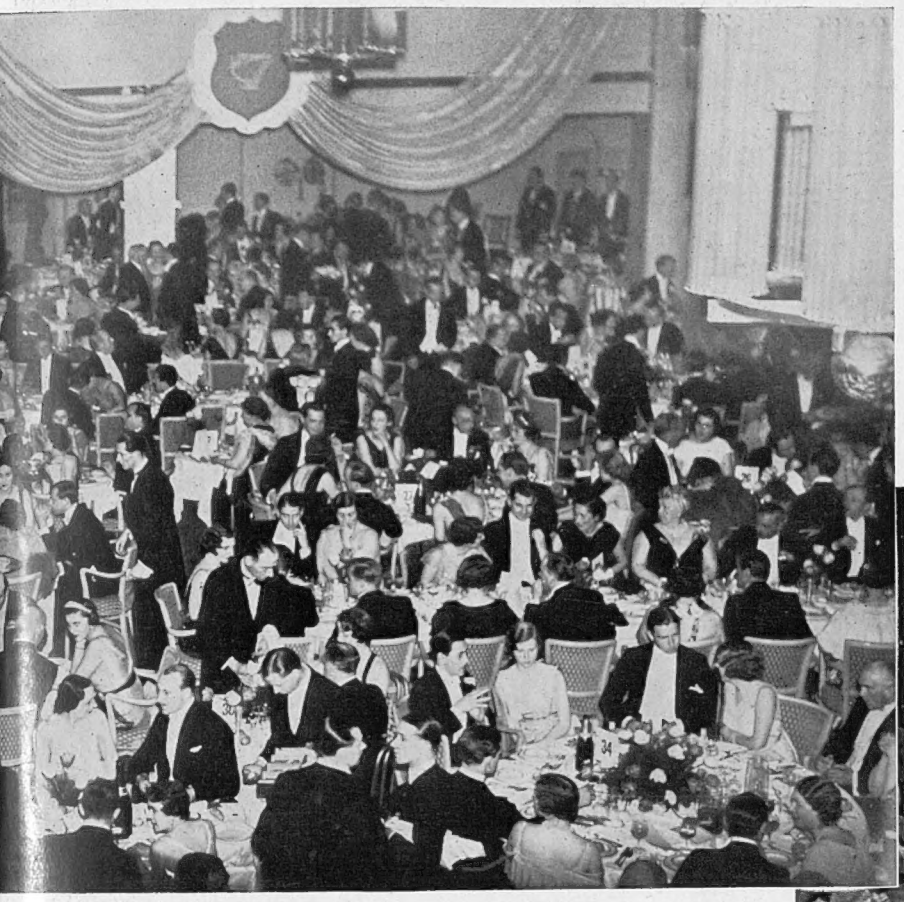
THE NEGRO GRIN.

—An anonymous correspondent writes asking me to beg those ladies and gentlemen whom the Press photographer delights to honour, not to set their faces in a grin which reveals all their teeth. He declares that the habit is not only unbecoming but is definitely negroid and copied from the American films. I cannot find a more apt occasion to pass on his request than at the start of the great Jubilee London Season when the reigning beauties and favourites *(pace* my anonymous friend) are practising before their glasses with glove-stretchers and copies of the *Hollywood Illustrated*. My remarks are obviously not addressed to those fashionables who suffer from adenoids—even my complainant admits as much. I have no great objection to broad or even negroid smiles which reveal a set of natural, small, even and white teeth, But I *am* inclined to agree that people who possess teeth like vampires' teeth, or sets which cry out that they are "dentures" (and no masterpieces at that) will charm their admirers more surely if they copy La Giaconda.

POLAND'S DICTATOR.—

The death of Marshal Pilsudski, in name War Minister of Poland, in fact her Dictator, was not unexpected. He had been a dying man for some time. But his death was untimely, for he was comparatively young, as age is now measured, and his passing came at a critical time in Polish politics. M. Laval never saw him during his recent visit and only time can show whether Poland lost by his death more than the removal from its service of a great soldier, statesman, and patriot. He was a well-hated man, as he was a man greatly admired, for in his time he was actively concerned in innumerable plots and counter-plots, always in the name of liberty for his country. Thus he fought against Russian rule in old days and suffered for his convictions. Later during the war he suffered again at the hands of Germany when, though fighting in the Austrian ranks against Russia, his aims for Poland ran counter to German policy. The war left Poland without territory, without a national spirit, without any coherent system of administration, having for generations been the bone of contention among the central and near eastern Great Powers. Polish patriots in turn essayed statesmanship to create a new Poland (Paderewski in particular), but gentler methods of diplomacy failed and it was left to Pilsudski, to the man of blood and iron and action, to build the structure. Obstinate, difficult, silent, somewhat unimaginative and limited in ideas, he may have been; but none ever underrated his common sense, his energy, and his selfless devotion to country. The chances and political changes which have in the past twenty years shifted the political aspirations of Polish statesmen, are too many and too elaborate even to summarise. Pilsudski had a great soldier's powers of foresight and rapid decision, and employed, as far as he could, his military qualities in his rôle of statesman. In the course of his romantic and chequered career, he kept Poland on the map and saved her from a Bolshevist régime. His guiding principles for creating and preserving a new Poland were to give her an army and a spirit of combative patriotism. But his policy in action was for ever shifting with the winds of European storms. He invaded the Ukraine, occupied Kieff, helped to seize Vilna, passed a period of years in actively plotting retirement; reappeared in '26 to seize the reins of government at the sword point as he had done years before. And then, in the changes and chances of European diplomacy which followed, the soldier found himself on less sure ground as statesman. Even so, he achieved what none of his compatriots could have achieved.

THE OLD STAGER



Kent (in centre foreground of picture) seen at supper during the Empire Ball held Fund of St. George's Hospital. There were over 1,600 guests present

THE PASSING OF A NATIONAL HERO: Marshal Pilsudski, the dictator and patriot, whose sudden death on the ninth anniversary of the putsch by which he seized power has plunged Poland into mourning. He was seldom the titular head of the State but, nevertheless, was the supreme authority to whom all questions of policy were deferred. It was under him that Poland regained the martial glory she had not known since the days of John Sobieski, the saviour of Europe from the Turks in 1683, and it was through him that the country was rescued from the chaotic conditions brought about by party squabbles

Above — A MAMMOTH JUVENILE PARTY: The Saturday of the first week of the Silver Jubilee celebrations was peculiarly the children's day of rejoicing, and at His Majesty's express invitation 70,000 girls and boys were assembled in The Mall, Constitution Hill, and St. James's Park to greet the King and Queen as they set out on and returned from their North London drive. In this picture some of the children, each equipped with a satchel or paper-bag containing lunch and tea, are are seen making their way through the Admiralty Arch before taking up their positions

On left — THE LONG VIGIL: Coats and satchels on the roadway in front of the Palace—evidently keeping the children's places during their wait for the start of the procession. So well had the boys and girls been schooled with regard to their behaviour that, before they left, they picked up every single piece of litter

On right—SETTING OUT FROM THE PALACE: Their Majesties, in an open landau drawn by four bay horses, passing round the Victoria Memorial to the accompaniment of the vociferous cheering of the boys and girls. On this occasion the King did not salute and the Queen dispensed with the formal bow, preferring, more simply, to wave their hands in recognition of the loyal greetings of their youthful subjects. *Inset on right*—Drinking a carton of milk—a gift from the Metropolitan Milk Board to supplement the fare brought by the children themselves

The Children's JUBILEE OUTING

Cheering Youngsters Greet the King and Queen at the Start of Their Drive to North London

THE KING AND QUEEN AT MARYLEBONE TOWN HALL: The Mayors of the North London boroughs and other civic dignitaries saluted by His Majesty as he was about to enter his carriage for the return to Buckingham Palace on Saturday afternoon. This was the first of the four drives planned to give North, South, East, and West London in turn its own special part in the Silver Jubilee celebrations and, in addition, the afternoon was specially dedicated to the children of districts through which there are to be no drives

THE PRINCES REPRESENT THE KING

Celebrations in Cardiff, Edinburgh, and Belfast

THE PRINCE OF WALES AMONG HIS OWN PEOPLE: His Royal Highness inspecting a guard of honour of the Welsh Guards during his visit to Cardiff last Saturday to represent the King at the Silver Jubilee celebrations in that city. For more than five hours the Prince was the central figure in a series of stirring ceremonies, which began with a drive in an open carriage through the thronged streets and ended with an inspection of 5,000 ex-Service men and 2,000 Glamorgan Territorials

REJOICINGS IN THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL: A view of the great crowd that overran Princes Street to cheer the Duke and Duchess of York as they stood on the steps of the Royal Scottish Academy during their visit to Edinburgh on Saturday. Their Royal Highnesses had a particularly full day and attended a number of children's displays in various parts of the city

THE KING'S THIRD SON IN ULSTER: The Royal procession of cars passing through the gaily adorned streets soon after the Duke of Gloucester's arrival in Belfast. His Royal Highness was welcomed at the City Hall by the Lord Mayor who conferred upon him the Freedom of the City

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK inspecting a guard of honour of the Boys' Brigade after attending service at Inveresk Church, near Edinburgh

IN BELFAST'S GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE: The Duke of Gloucester, in the uniform of the 10th Hussars, shaking hands with a member of the British Legion

A Gay Welcome in the Poorer Quarters of the Capital

THEIR MAJESTIES MAKE SURPRISE TOURS OF EAST AND SOUTH-WEST LONDON

Enthusiasm in Pennyfields, Limehouse, and Battersea

A DRIVE OF TRIUMPH: Children running beside the Royal car in Pennyfields—one of the poorest districts of London—which the King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth, visited during their surprise drive through the East End last Sunday. The enthusiasm was tremendous, and Their Majesties witnessed an exhibition of loyalty and affection that even equalled in fervour the reception accorded them on their journey to St. Paul's on May 6

AN UNEXPECTED THRILL: The scene in one of Battersea's gaily bedecked streets as the King and Queen drove by during a tour of the Jubilee decorations. The plans for the journey were kept secret, but Their Majesties were instantly recognized wherever they went, and once or twice the car was brought to a standstill by the crowds

UNOFFICIAL ESCORT: The Royal car proceeding at a walking pace through a narrow street in Pennyfields

AT THE JUNCTION OF WEST AND EAST INDIA DOCK ROADS: A crowd of young people attempting to keep pace with Their Majesties' car

RETURN TO GLORY

By PHILIP PAGE

"The Sphere's" Dramatic Critic Arrives Back in England After a 40,000-Mile Voyage Round the World, and Compares the Theatre Abroad with the Theatre in London

ALL the world may be a stage; but there are many parts of the world which do not possess one and to return to the London Theatre after visiting most of those parts brings with it a touch of "that Monday morning feeling," which for the dramatic critic, abandoning but not cured of the wanderlust, is that Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, etc., evening feeling. It brings, too, the conviction that, despite the title of America's latest musical success, life does not begin at 8.40. On the contrary, it frequently ends there.

None the less, after beguiling the last stages of a 40,000-mile journey with Mr. Bruce Lockhart's *Retreat from Glory*, I found London a distinctly glorious place to which to return. The glory is not only the glory of flags and of shouting crowds and of Silver Jubilation in general, though that, at any rate for the time being, was vastly the most important aspect of it. In the narrower professional sense, London appeared to me at once as a city where the theatre is splendidly alive and obviously, even aggressively, surviving the moans of the pessimists. True, New York was the only place I visited which offered any comparison; some even quainter spots on the globe were without inhabitants, let alone theatres.

There is said to be buried treasure on lonely Cocos Island, but there are no "treasury nights" and the ghost that walks is of some murdered pirate. The lovely Marquesas Islands and the grim Galapagos group possess not even the humblest cinema. At Bali—not yet tourist-ridden but likely to undergo that profitable fate in the near future—I saw a fascinating puppet show and beneath a man rove tree in the terrific heat, a grim drama of evil spirits in the form of birds, and duels to the death for the hand of a coffee-coloured princess enacted by what I took to be little girls of ten, who, I was informed later, are little boys of ten. Uncommonly good little actors they are too, with a perfect mastery of mime and a determination not to be daunted by a large "orchestra" consisting entirely of drums and gongs, banged fortissimo throughout.

Bombay provided a first experience of a Hindu theatre (ancient musical comedies enacted by touring obscurities from Europe were a temptation resisted without difficulty) and probably the last. One sits in quaint and malodorous pews, and smoking is not the only thing that is permitted. The cheapness of admission is to some extent balanced by the habit of each performer of leaving the stage after a song or a particularly impressive speech and approaching members of the audience with an outstretched palm and demands for monetary reward. This struck me as a business-like plan which I recommend to London managers who wish to gauge exactly the drawing-power of their "stars." Dramatic illusion might be imperilled; but the sight of Sir Cedric Hardwicke or Miss Marie Tempest stopping the play after one of their most telling efforts in order to descend to the stalls and gather some pound notes, or even a half-crown or so, would be well worth it.

In Persia I saw no plays; I had to wait for the Persian touch in the theatre until I saw the Russian Ballet at Monte Carlo perform *Scheherazade*, and Monte Carlo is a long way from Persia. So, for that matter, is *Schcherazade*. But at Abadan, on the Persian Gulf, a hellish and outlandish spot reeking with oily smells, the English colony, when they are not busying themselves with oil, produce most admirably London successes in the private theatre which is one of the features of their club—a fine building providing all the amenities they so well deserve. Enthusiasm for all matters theatrical is intense.

New York does not, I fancy, know Abadan, and there is no real reason why it should; but the New Yorkers could do with some of that enthusiasm. There is much good work in the American theatre now as always. The majority of American managers, however, appeared to me to think otherwise, and to think also that good work is nowadays hardly worth the producing. Public appreciation had veered even further from the theatre than it had when I was last in New York a couple of years before. The films have lured away many of the best players (for in America one cannot act on the stage and for the films, Hollywood being, to put it mildly, less accessible from New York than are Elstree or Ealing from London). Theatres with dignified histories are either closed or, showing non-stop revues of the baser sort, have sunk to the level of the burlesque shows on Forty-Second Street.

None the less, I have some pleasant memories—Walter Hampden and Katharine Cornell in *Romeo and Julier*, that fine play *The Petrified Forest*, *Revenge with Music*, a good musical entertainment, and *Anything Goes*, a far better one, which will soon be seen in London and will make the song "You're the Top," whether or no it is sung with the verve of an Ethel Murman or a Fanny Macpherson, epidemic in its popularity. As for exported home products I saw the launching by Mr. C. B. Cochran of *Escape Me Never*, with Elizabeth Bergner, whom the New York Press and public preferred to the play, and Mr. Edmund Gwenn's superb performance in *Laburnum Grove*. Miss Tallulah Bankhead rehearsing her revival of *Rain* was another experience, and yet another one was to write to her six weeks later from Pago-Pago, where the house of the real Sadie Thompson is duly featured.

To return to the London theatres in Jubilee Week was to find optimism and a genuine air of prosperity beneath the superficial grouse that traffic complications were interfering with theatrical business, and that the vast crowds were not buying theatre seats since they preferred to see, for nothing, the fun in the streets.

That was only a temporary abstinence; the motto *reculer pour mieux sauter* could be applied to the season's pleasure-seekers, and a grateful "boom" is, I gather, upon us. I have been struck by the large number of musical productions which are simultaneously successful—a rare happening.

"Glamorous Night."—I do not wonder at the success of *Glamorous Night*, Drury Lane's super-coloured example of Ruritanian revelry and romance. Mr. Noel Coward, dramatist, composer, and actor, having scored a bull's-eye with *Cavalcade*, I hasten to congratulate Mr. Ivor Novello, composer, actor, and dramatist, on his excellent "inner," which astounded and flabbergasted me with a very pleasant astoundage and flabbergastery.

Unlike *Cavalcade*, *Glamorous Night* has "no d——d 'message' about it," and the most conscientious little Bolshy can see and enjoy it without risking a lesson in patriotism, for all that there is a king among the characters. But only King Stefan of Krasnia—which relieves me of the job of unravelling a complicated plot. For you know what those King Stefans are when they get behind the footlights and are accompanied by music of the style and period of King Lehar. The hero is not a prince in disguise but Mr. Novello, disguised as an inventor of some form of television. He has also invented some agreeable tunes, which, if hardly likely to set any river on fire, serve their purpose well enough and owe much to the clever orchestration of Mr. Charles Prentice.

King Stefan had as mistress a famous operatic prima donna. That has happened in real life, but not very often, for reasons which opera-goers will readily understand. Miss Mary Ellis, being an attractive person and a first-rate actress, makes both the liaison credible and also the character's vocal reputation, for the Metropolitan knew her as a prima donna not many moons ago.

The author has shown himself up-to-date in selecting a radio peer as an important personage in the plot; he has, to balance things, switched back to Drury Lane, *consule* Collins, by showing us a shipwreck on the stage. I remember Sybil Thorndike, long before her Damedom, clinging to the hero on the deck of a Drury Lane steamship—the pair were as high as the funnel—while canvas waves and the late Jimmy Glover's music surged all around. The shipwreck in *Glamorous Night* was no more convincing. Such efforts are gallant but we must, alas! leave those excitements to the cinema.

An enormous company, vast sums of money, elaborate scenery (Oliver Messel) are involved in this stupendous production, which, from all accounts, is likely to be more than justified commercially.

"The Flying Trapeze."—Plays about circuses have long been considered hoo-doo (though I would have been grateful for a portion of the sum George Edwardes made out of *The Circus Girl*). *The Flying Trabeze* at the Alhambra will certainly break that tradition if it can attract sufficient people whose paramount interest is in what they see rather than in what they hear. Since the play itself, produced by Herr Erik Charell and Central European in origin, is in itself little more than a circus, success is probable.

The "book" of *The Flying Trapeze* was not, I surmise, a masterpiece in the original. Mr. Douglas Furber seems to have done all that is humanly possible with it; when in doubt (and that must have been often) he has refurbished the dialogue with Furberisms of a genial and occasionally sid-splitting type. An extraneous episode was the appearance of Mr. Jack Buchanan as a ventriloquist's dummy, exchanging hoary riddles with a gigantic "admiral." Amusing, but too long. There was also a clever operatic burlesque, giving good scope to the brilliant little Miss Ivy St. Helier; also amusing, though I would that such things were done less frequently.

Mr. Buchanan is his breezy self—an appropriate atmosphere since he plays the part of "the King of the Air," a famous trapeze artist.

A lady impersonating the Empress Eugenie performed in a stage box and was greeted by the playing of the "Marseillaise." There is no real reason why we should be meticulous about French history at the Alhambra. But I would, with all the pedantry in me, point out that Her Majesty would have swept out of the box in high and imperial dudgeon had she heard a bar of that tune. Also, that Mr. Buchanan could not have been imprisoned in the Bastille in 1860, for it was demolished seventy years before.

A DOMESTIC TIFF: Queen Victoria (Pamela Stanley; *second from right*) orders Lady Jane (Judith Fellows) from the room in a fit of jealousy engendered by the fact that Prince Albert (Vincent Price; *right*) had paid the latter a trifling attention. An episode from Laurence Housman's play, *Victoria Regina*, which was recently presented at the Gate Theatre Studio, and is said to be based on a series of authentic happenings in the life of Her Majesty.

"Shall We Reverse?"—This pleasant little musical piece given at the Comedy has the advantage of an original plot (which is adhered to), the supervision of Mr. André Charlot, who understands to perfection entertainments of this type, and the presence of the ever-dainty June. It has the disadvantage of a first half which is superior to the second, when the fun waxed neither fast nor furious.

June I would hesitate to call versatile—and here she has to impersonate many characters throughout the centuries. But her grace is always a joy to look upon, and she can sing with considerable charm. Miss Sydney Fairbrother exploited, as she can so inimitably, the quaint humours of middle-aged femininity. Mr. Robert Hale, as hearty of voice as ever, is a resourceful comedian, even when he is not handed many resources. His appearance, during a scene of Renaissance poisoning, in a Medici choler was a welcome moment. It is a pity there is so little dancing in this revue. One has learnt to expect it; and in the very pleasing person of Mr. Kenneth Froy—an admirable tap-dancer of the younger school—this show has a real asset of which the producer should certainly have made more use.

OLD EDINBURGH

Where the Duke of Kent will be Holding Court Next Week in his Capacity as High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland

IN THE HEART OF THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL: St. Giles's and Parliament Square from an engraving published in Edinburgh in 1844 and here published by courtesy of the Walker Galleries, New Bond Street. The exterior of the cathedral has suffered much from unskilful restoration, but its chief feature, the beautifully formed crown-like tower which was floodlit during the Silver Jubilee celebrations, still remains unspoilt. In the open space in the foreground is the leaden equestrian statue of Charles II cast at Rotterdam in 1685

On Right—THE BEDROOM OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AT HOLYROOD PALACE, the old residence of the Scottish sovereigns, where the Duke and Duchess of Kent will shortly be staying. The place is rich in historic relics, and the State apartments are handsomely furnished with tapestries, old furniture, and beautiful seventeenth-century plaster ceilings. In the vestibule of the audience chamber is a brass plate indicating the spot where the body of the murdered Rizzio was left after he had been dragged from the queen's supper room by Darnley and his followers

Reproduced from a Drawing by Hanslip Fletcher

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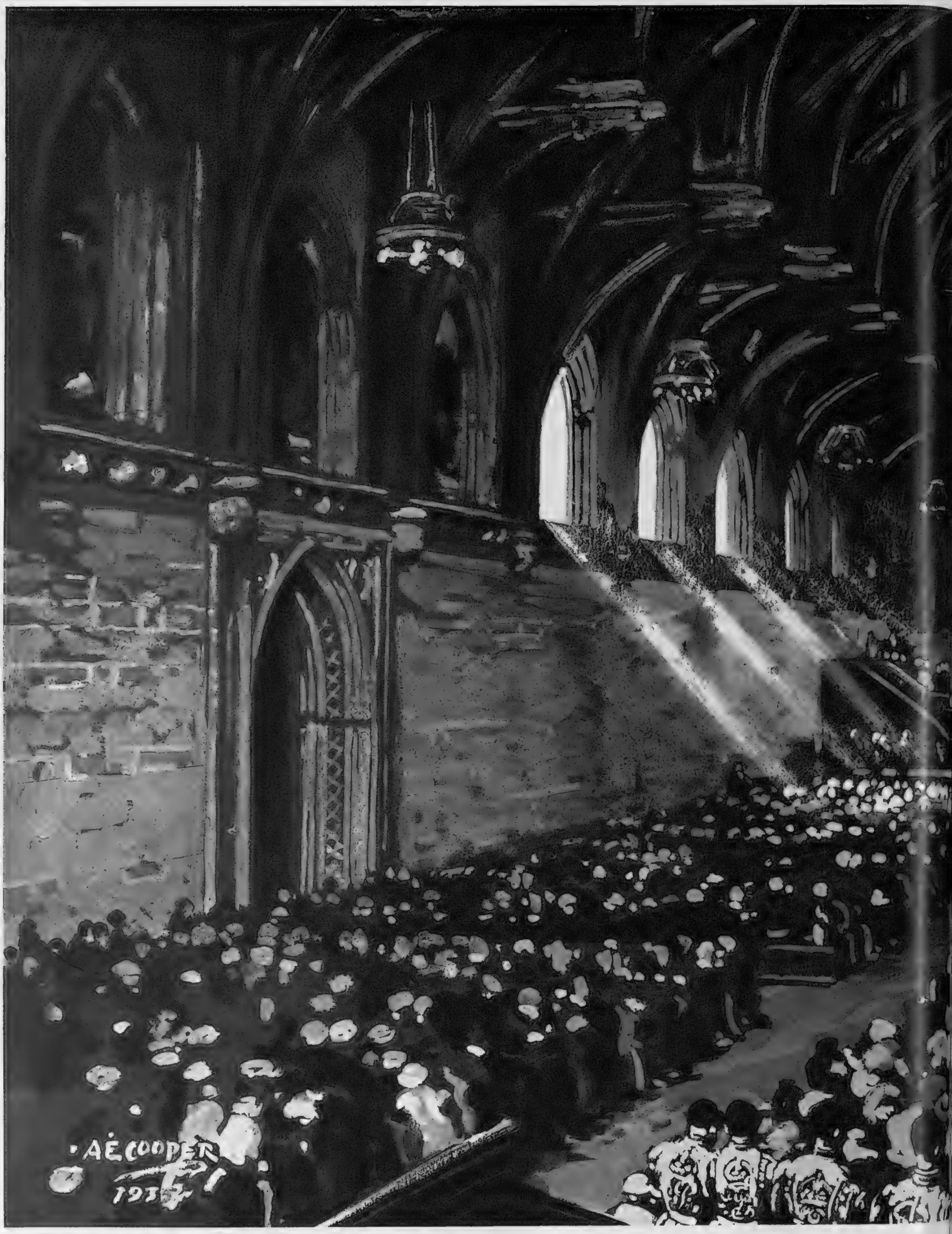


PARLIAMENT'S TRIBUTE TO THE KING

The Scene in Historic Westminster Hall where His Majesty Received the Loyal Congratulations of the Lords and Commons on his Silver Jubilee

Specially Drawn for "The Sphere" by A. Egerton Cooper

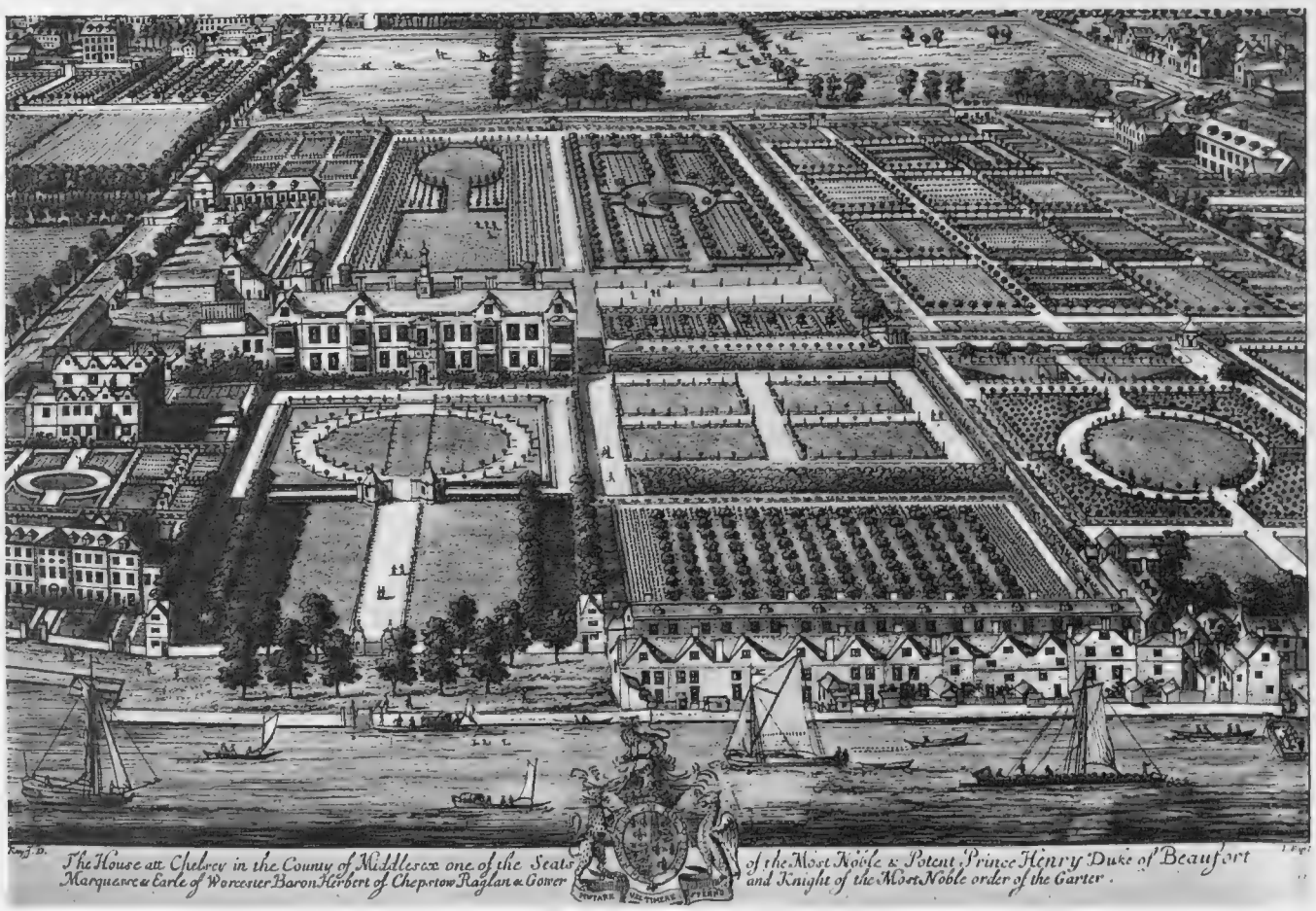
"This, my Palace of Westminster, in the mighty heart of our Empire, is the very cradle of our envied Parliamentary institutions. Here is the anvil whereon our common law was forged, to become the joint inheritance of the United States of America and our own community of peoples. Beneath these rafters of medieval oak, the silent witnesses of historic tragedies and pageants, we celebrate the present under the spell of the past. It is to me a source of pride and thankfulness that the perfect harmony of our Parliamentary system with our Constitutional Monarchy has survived the shocks that have in recent years destroyed other Empires and other liberties. Our ancient Constitution, ever adaptable to change, has during my reign faced and conquered perils of warfare never conceived in earlier days, and has met and satisfied new democratic demands both at home and overseas. The system bequeathed to us by our ancestors, again modified for the needs of a new age, has been found once more, as of old, the best way to secure government by the people, freedom for the individual, the ordered strength of the State, and the rule of law over governors and governed alike." With these memorable words The King replied on Thursday of last week to the Loyal Addresses presented to him by the Lords and Commons, and in this picture Mr. A. Egerton Cooper, the well-known artist, conjures up the scene during the ceremony in the famous hall where 670 years ago the Knights of the Shire and the Burgesses sat for the first time with the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and where, in the intervening years, so many dramatic events have taken place that have vitally affected the course of English history. The proceedings ended with a remarkable demonstration of loyalty—the Lord Chancellor, with a fine touch of informality, calling for three cheers for Their Majesties. They were given, needless to say, with a wholehearted enthusiasm that once again demonstrated the affection in which the King and Queen are held.

AS A CONTEMPORARY SAW HER: A portrait by Holbein which is now in the British Museum and is generally believed to represent Margaret Roper, the beloved daughter of Sir Thomas More, who privately purchased the head of her father a month after it had been exposed on London Bridge and preserved it in spices for the rest of her life. She was laid to rest in Chelsea Old Church, where there is a tablet to her memory, but the theory that More's head was buried with her is almost certainly false. Margaret, apart from her devotion to her father, is remembered for her great learning which Sir Thomas proudly encouraged and which so impressed Erasmus and Reginald Pole. She is even said to have "disputed of phylosophy" before the King and was reckoned the equal in culture of Anne Cooke, Bacon's mother. She married William Roper, of Eltham and Canterbury, whose accounts of her interviews with her father in the Tower of London are among the most pathetic passages in biography

THOMAS MORE: STATESMAN AND MARTYR

His 400th Anniversary

THE MOST HEROIC FIGURE OF AN AGE OF HEROISM: The year 1935 marks the 400th anniversary of Sir Thomas More's death, and coinciding with this event the Pope is to canonize him. This picture shows the More family tomb in Chelsea Church which was set up by Sir Thomas shortly after he had resigned his office as Chancellor of England on account of his differences with Henry VIII, and in the Latin epitaph he inscribed on the central panel he declared that he intended, as he had desired to do from a child, to devote his last years to preparing himself for the life to come. The great statesman deposited the remains of his first wife here and clearly wished that, on his death, he should be buried beside her. It was not to be, however, and he lies in the church of St. Peter in the Tower in the same grave as Bishop Fisher of Rochester who, like himself, was a martyr for the Roman Catholic faith. More, whom Dean Swift described as the person of the greatest virtue that this kingdom has ever produced, possessed a most lovable nature and combined with his stern devotion to principle, his overmastering religious fervour, and his invincible courage, a sense of humour that was the delight of all who knew him

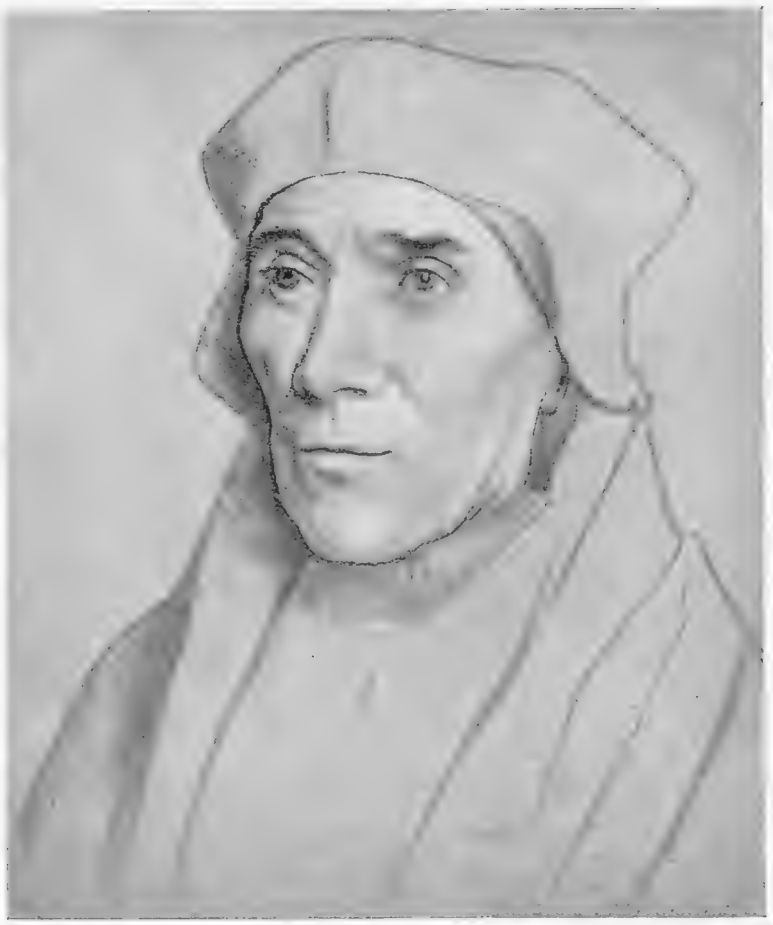


MORE'S CHELSEA HOME: An old print showing the house, in left centre of picture, which the great statesman built in the heyday of his success and where he gathered round him that select circle of friends which was to have such a marked influence on the English Renaissance. The building was set well back in a spacious garden, and, it will be noted, was almost in the open country. After More's execution the property appears to have been granted by the King to Sir William Paulet, and thereafter it was owned successively by the Marquis of Winchester, Baroness Dacres, the Earl of Lincoln, Sir Arthur Gorges, the Earl of Middlesex, the Duke of Buckingham, a Mr. William Plummer, the Earl of Bristol, and the Duke of Beaufort. The house was pulled down in 1740

TWO ENGLISH SAINTS

John Fisher and Thomas More Who are to be Canonized Next Sunday—Men of Genius who went to their Deaths for Opposing Henry VIII

"CHAMPION OF THE HUMANIST DOCTRINES OF THE RENAISSANCE": Hans Holbein's portrait of Sir Thomas More, who, with John Fisher, is to be canonized to-morrow in St. Peter's, Rome. The original of this picture now hangs in Windsor Castle



From the original in the British Museum

"JOHN FISHER, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER": A study, by Hans Holbein, of the famous prelate who, like Sir Thomas More, was a zealous humanist and a keen opponent of Henry VIII's divorce from Catherine of Aragon and of his marriage to Anne Boleyn. He was imprisoned in the Tower of London in 1534 for refusing to swear to the Act of Succession, and on June 22, 1535, was beheaded because he would not recognize the King as supreme head of the Church. A month before his death Bishop Fisher was created a cardinal, an honour that drove Henry to the pitch of fury

"A TUDOR HOUSEHOLD BY THE RIVER": A sketch by Holbein, showing Sir Thomas More with his family at the house in Chelsea where he passed the last and happiest years of his life before going to his doom in the Tower for his religious principles. More, who was fifty years old at the time that this drawing was made, and was about to succeed Wolsey as Lord Chancellor, is seated in the centre, and on his right is his aged father. In the foreground, on the right, is Margaret Roper, his daughter, who was with her father during his last days, and whose husband was the great statesman's biographer. Sir Thomas, although deeply religious, was the gayest of companions, and his household was a model of what an English home should be

"CHINA'S SORROW" IN MINIATURE: For centuries the 2,400-mile Hwang Ho in China has been a menace to all who have lived in its vicinity on account of its periodic uncontrollable behaviour which frequently results in tens of thousands of acres being flooded, in crops being destroyed, and in grave loss of life. To-day German and Chinese engineers are attempting to find a solution to the problem, and this picture shows the replica of the river which has been built at Obernach, Bavaria, and is being used for a series of elaborate tests to discover how flooding may best be averted without the expenditure of enormous sums of money

Taming the HWANG HO

Engineers Build a Model of China's Treacherous River in the Bavarian Hills in an Attempt to Find a Means of Averting Future Flood Catastrophes

By FERDINAND TUOHY

"CHINA'S Sorrow" has been the label affixed for thousands of years to the 2,400 miles long Hwang Ho, alias the Yellow River, because of its periodic uncontrollable behaviour that costs vast loss of life and still vaster loss of property as the immense stream sweeps its muddy way to the sea; the difference between the Hwang Ho and all other great rivers being that it will not, or rather cannot, keep to its bed. It is forced out of this by accumulations of a yellow loam called loess, which was once the biting sand of Inner Asian storms. This loess is out of all proportion to the volume of water. In last year's floods there was nearly as much loess as water, and the Chinese are accordingly terrified that another appalling catastrophe may be at hand. So at last they have come to Europe's scientific genius with their woes.

Take train to Munich and proceed via the Walchen See to the remote Alpine village of Obernach, and there you will see "China's Sorrow" in truly wonderful replica; the finest "toy," one would hazard, that even an Astor-Rockefeller heir could ever hope for. You will come upon a whirling, winding model of the real thing just where this grows most fractious, near the city of Kaifengfu, around which over a million lives were lost in the worst of all modern floods forty-eight years ago.

The Bavarian model river is no less than 150 yards long and 10 yards broad at high water; contracting to a mere matter of 7 ft. at low. From a form of captain's bridge straddling the current, floods are turned on and off—it would, as I say, be a scrumptious multi-millionaire boy-quietener. One can see Astor junior on the bridge, flooding things—and how. And also megaphoning orders to his Bavarian work-team down below; this squad having to arrange and re-arrange the loess along the river bed for each fresh experiment. Building it up here, deepening it there. Real loess brought from China, but mixed with local coal-dust mud, the effect of which is that the river is black.

On the bridge is a huge-scale map of the monster's tragic rioting back in China, just how the loess silts up and up until the water flows over the surrounding country. This map shows exact mathematical calculations attending each separate flood, and the job at Obernach is to reproduce each flooding of the past and try to discover how it might have been avoided. The Bavarian boys pile up the loess in little ridges and banks which are precise models of what befell the river bed out in China; and then, heigh-ho, a lever is pulled on the bridge, a stream of water gushes into the prepared river bed, goes on and on and on and up and up and up, and—bursts over the surrounding country. For this latter, also, is represented in model form in Bavaria.

It would be a wonderful game had it not such a tragic background. The setting and scene are all one could desire. The serenity of mountain pine woods. Whether tragic or stimulating, no such feat of miniature hydraulic engineering has ever before been essayed. Never before, experimenting on such a scale with the wiles of a treacherous river, never such thoroughness of apparatus and of research. It is all being carried out under the high command of Professor Hubert Engels of the Munich Institute of Hydraulic Engineering which was approached by the Peiping Government. In charge of regulation on the spot, seeking to find out how the wayward river in distant China may be harnessed, are Herr Georg Kaecken and Fu Ju Si, with headquarters and laboratory on the Walchen See. Chinese experts are ever present, watching things minutely since it will be for them one day to seek to apply realities at home—if sufficient money be forthcoming. But before going on to that, let us first form a fairly accurate picture of what happens with the giant out East.

PUTTING THEIR HEADS TOGETHER: Herr Georg Kaecken and Mr. Fu Ju Si, who are conducting the experiments at Obernach, consulting a map of the area drained by the Hwang Ho

"China's Sorrow" is an all-round horrid river. Rising in Central Asia, close to the Yangtsze, it proceeds to collect its dread loess at the very beginning, and is permanently non-navigable. Apart from silt and sand—loess solution—forming barriers at the mouth, the water is either too shallow in winter or far too strong in summer, while the river-bed is always shifting. The difference between the seasons is indicated by this: in winter the Hwang Ho passes across the great plain at 36,000 cubic ft. a second; in summer flooding, the force attains 116,000 ditto. As if the Thames were nearly four times as strong in July as in December *plus* the fact that in the former month the river were also 50 per cent. moving mud!

The process of disaster in China develops as follows: As the silt-laden waters debouch from the rocky bed of the upper reaches on to the plains, the current slackens and the coarser loess elements settle on the bottom. By degrees the bed rises as a result, and the swarming population proceeds to build embankments to prevent the eternal enemy overflowing. But as the bed rises, so must the embankments mount also, until the murderous stream is flowing many feet above the surrounding country. It is, of course, a hopeless battle on the human side. Nature wins devastatingly always—or has done up till now. One day a breach occurs, and "China's Sorrow" bursts over the whole countryside, carrying death and ruin. This has happened repeatedly since the records go back to 2,000 B.C. Moreover, if the breach cannot be repaired, the Yellow River of our geography books leaves its old channel entirely and finds a new exit to the sea along the line of least resistance. In this manner it has forged five new "rivers" in the past hundred years, whose extreme mouths are shown to-day to be as far apart as 500 miles. Each change has wrought havoc, if only in covering every cultivated field with several feet of the beastly loam.

CAUSE AND EFFECT: This apparatus is employed by the German engineers for registering the changes that take place in the bed of the model of the Hwang Ho after a flood has been created

The monster is sometimes not even content with hacking a new channel for itself. It even seizes on other rivers, swelling them terrifically, in fact, suppressing them. It was so in 1851, when the Hwang Ho rose 20 ft. above the plain, left its bed, poured over the level country and seized the neighbouring Tsing, thereby finding a way to the sea. This, in effect, is the present river, the old one having dried up, but will it be the present river for long? The omens emphatically say, no!

Already once (thirty-six years after seizing the Tsing), "China's Sorrow" has tried to get out of its new home. Only years of herculean effort by coolies-without-end led to the closing of the breach on that occasion, but not before calamitous loss of life and property had been entailed. The plain was converted into one vast lake. Whole towns and villages were swept before the torrent. That was when the million lives were computed lost. Cultivated fields covering 50,000 square miles were ruined. This happened in Honan province, near teeming Kaifengfu. Since then, greatest danger has threatened round Chinanfu, capital of Shan-tung, and it is here that the danger threatens again now. The new disaster may come this year or next. Peiping may have left it until too late. Obernach knows it and is concentrating accordingly. There is something of drama in this forest retreat as these scientists and engineers calculate and plan, experiment and re-experiment against time, with countless homes in China hanging in the balance, to say nothing of enormous national wealth—for these recurrent disasters have positively wrecked the exchequer.

At the present moment, along the lower reaches of the Hwang Ho, the bottom of the river is over a yard above the level of the adjacent inhabited regions. But this is nothing. Should bad summer floods eventuate, this turbulent, yellow, semi-lava monster is capable of rising six yards above the surrounding country; when all would be lost.

Heretofore the Chinese have performed the miracle of using the loess itself to subjugate their grim "Sorrow." They have contrived to build endless dikes and dams with this liquefied dust of the Mongol desert that also settles over China in its original form, blown by the great winds until it carpets the streets as with a thick, soft, Oriental rug. As loess, the Chinese spread it between a matwork of sorghum stalks: two layers of loess for every one of stalk. Immensely resistant embankments, rising as high as 25 ft., have been constructed over scores of miles in this manner. Yet the end has ever been the same. These loess dikes protect the surrounding land all right; but eventually the land, composed of soft sand, collapses under the weight of the ever rising dikes.

At Obernach, two main theories are being tried and retried in all their variations. The first is the orthodox one of simply applying modern engineering in all its might to the rebellious waterway. Let embankments of steel and concrete be constructed high enough to keep "China's

(Continued on p. 338)

NEWS from FIVE CITIES

A European Survey

AN AUSTRIAN OCCASION: Herr Miklas, the President, inspecting a guard of honour before opening the new Central Police School at Mödling, near Vienna. Following behind him are Dr. Schuschnigg, the Chancellor, and other notabilities

ROYALTY AT A MIDNIGHT MASS: Easter, which took place a week later in Rumania than in England, was celebrated in the usually elaborate manner and, in this picture, King Carol, Prince Nicholas (his brother), and Crown Prince Michael are seen at a service in Bucharest Cathedral during which they processed through the building with lighted candles

SPRINGTIME IN "THE CITY OF FLOWERS": The gaily bedecked entrance to the Loggia dei Lanzi, where the Florence Flower Show was opened a few days ago. On the left is the marble statue of Hercules slaying the Centaur by Giovanni da Bologna, the Flemish sculptor who was patronized by the Medicis and whose works are considered among the finest produced during the Italian Renaissance

POMP AND PAGEANTRY IN HISTORIC ORLEANS: The standard of Joan of Arc being carried through the streets from the cathedral on the 506th anniversary of the Saint's deliverance of the city from the hands of the English

IN THE TROUBLED BALKANS: King Boris of Bulgaria taking the salute at a march-past of troops in Sofia on the day of St. George, the patron saint of the Bulgarian Army. Owing to the somewhat disturbed state of the country, the King's public appearances have been rare during the past year

Jubilee Day in London and the Provinces

NATION-WIDE CELEBRATIONS: Nearly every street in the towns and villages of Great Britain was gay with decorations on Jubilee Day, and in the evening countless public buildings, cathedrals, and historic mansions were brilliantly illuminated. At the top of this page is a distant view of Edinburgh showing how the city, from the Castle on the left to Calton Hill on the right, was ablaze with lights, while in the picture immediately below can be seen a section of the crowd that watched the 40-ft. bonfire kindled on Arthur's Seat, the commanding eminence to the south of Holyrood

IN LIVERPOOL: Lord Derby, the Lord-Lieutenant of Lancashire, inspecting ex-service men at the military display held at Sefton Park on the afternoon of May 6

IN CHESHIRE: The Dowager-Marchioness of Cholmondeley seen with the children at the Jubilee tea-party given in the kitchens of Cholmondeley Castle

CHEERS FOR HIS MAJESTY: One of the many children's tea-parties held in the streets of the poorer districts of London, the cost of which was in most cases met by penny collections from house to house

THE BRITISH LION DEMONSTRATES HIS PATRIOTISM: Rex, of Liverpool Zoo, with a Union Jack firmly clenched between his teeth

LOYAL MERRYMAKERS IN THE REPUTED STRONGHOLD OF COMMUNISM: A street tea-party in Battersea with the narrow thoroughfare gay with flags and paper decorations

Germany's Air Minister At Home

An Interview with General Göring and his Actress Wife

By LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

"GERMANY is preparing for peace by making ready for war. This paradoxical principle has been forced upon Germany because the heavily-armed nations surrounding her have adopted it themselves."

So declared to me General Hermann Göring, General of Flyers (General der Flieger), Commander-in-Chief of Germany's Anti-aircraft Artillery, Prime Minister of Prussia, Reichs Minister of the Air, President of the Reichstag, Head of the Prussian State Secret Police, and Chief Master of the Hunt, during a two-hours' interview which I had with him in his official residence on the Leipzigerplatz, Berlin. After Mussolini, General Göring holds more offices in his Government than any other statesman.

General Göring told the world through a newspaper agency that Germany now has a military Air Force in defiance of the Versailles Treaty. On March 16 Adolf Hitler surprised and shocked the world with a proclamation unilaterally repudiating the military clauses of Versailles. Scarcely had Europe reconciled itself to what could not be changed without war, and hardly had the British Government invited the German Government to an Anglo-German naval discussion in London than the British Admiralty learned that Germany was already building twelve small submarines. To the British people the German U-boat is the sinister symbol of "frightfulness."

This knowledge did not come through an official German Note, but was the result of a conversation at a dinner in Berlin at which the British Naval Attaché, Captain Muirhead-Gould, was a guest. A German Admiral discussed at some length and in detail the building of these submarines. Captain Muirhead-Gould, as was his duty, promptly reported the information to the British Admiralty.

Nazi-Germany justifies its violation and the repudiation of the Versailles Treaty on the grounds that the former Allies who imposed this Treaty upon a defeated foe, themselves first violated the Treaty in that they did not keep their pledge to disarm.

The other side calls this merely a pretext.

I was received by General Göring in Berlin the other day. This was the third time I had had an interview with this most colourful person in Nazi-Germany. Discussing the reports in the Foreign Press about the size of the German Air Force at the present time, the Minister of Air claimed, "We had nothing in the air two years ago. We had to begin at the beginning with military aircraft. The intense activity we are now displaying in order to catch up with other nations has given rise to many false or exaggerated reports."

IN PENSIVE MOOD: Another study of Frau Göring

The General of the German Flyers and Commander of Germany's Air Forces was sitting behind a colossal flat-topped desk at the far end of a tremendous room which he afterwards told me was, in fact, four rooms made into one. Reminded me of Mussolini's vast office in Rome. To heighten the Italian Duce impression, General Göring appeared frowningly absorbed over papers on the desk in approved Mussolini fashion. He lost nothing in dignity, however, when he discarded the frown for a smile of greeting.

Hardly seated, when something warm and furry under the desk challenged my shoe. I remembered that Göring keeps a pet lion, and that on a previous occasion he had promised me that the lion should be present next time I called.

"Where is your lion?" I asked brightly, taking care not to move my foot.

"In the Zoo now . . . ." I glanced down and met the mild gaze of a tawny Chow dog. "My lion became too big and too unruly for anybody but me to manage. But I will soon have another lion cub about the house."

I was just going to ask him how his bride liked having lions about the house when she walked into the room.

The General and his wife, the former Emmy Sonnemann, "Prussian State Actress," had returned from their honeymoon only late the night before. General Göring wore a pale grey civilian suit. This was the first time I had seen him out of uniform. He looked very bridegroomlike, fresher and younger than when I saw him a year ago. His clear complexion belied reports I had heard about ill-health.

Frau Göring, blonde Juno, is typically German. Although an actress there was not a trace of powder, rouge, or lipstick on her face. Her silky golden long hair was drawn back in a knot. Dove-grey dress, shoes and stockings, pearl necklace, suggested a simplicity which I found to be genuine.

"Hermann, we will be more comfortable in the salon," she said, leading the way for me and my friend, the Baroness Margot von Schutzbar-Milchling.

The General was in excellent humour. Who would not be, with a regal collection of wedding presents which literally filled several large rooms?

He began to tell me what a superman is at the head of the Third Reich.

"All I am, all I have, I owe to my Fuehrer," he declared.

"General, you cannot expect me to believe that you are merely the shadow and echo of Hitler," I retorted. The Air Minister flushed.

He expanded volubly upon Hitler as the spiritual inspiration of New Germany. Claimed that he has almost superhuman knowledge, in that if he goes into a factory or aircraft works, he seems to know everything about it. Only posterity will recognise the genius of his leader.

"Adolf Hitler is the greatest German in the long history of Germany" declaimed General Göring.

"But Hitler is not a German. He is an Austrian," I mildly interposed.

A sudden startling silence froze the General and two German ladies. The two latter looked aghast at me. This was heresy, or worse—treason. A German would be sent to a concentration camp, perhaps even to prison for such a statement. For a moment General Göring looked absolutely shocked swallowed several times, and then the Head of the State Secret Police, for that he is also, smiled kindly, and in the pleasantest voice said "My dear lady, I am afraid you do not understand. Herr Hitler was born at Braunau, Austria, only a few hundred yards from the German border. His father was an Austrian Customs officer. Racially the Austrians are Germans. That is indisputable."

Then he went on to explain that until 1809 Braunau was practically German soil. It then belonged to Bavaria, but was exchanged for a little strip of Tyrolean territory which came to Bavaria in its place. He did his best to convince me that Herr Hitler is in every respect a German.

We changed the subject. General Göring inquired about my flying activities, whether I still had my 'plane and where I had been lately. I asked him how he was getting on with the German Air Force and would he tell me how large it was. He laughed. No; he could not divulge the present strength of Germany's new military air fleet which has been the subject of long speeches in the House of Commons. Nor would he explain to me just

FRAU GÖRING: A new portrait of the Nazi Air Minister's wife who, before her marriage last month, was Frau Emmy Sonnemann—the Prussian State Actress. She is thirty-six years old

what Herr Hitler had meant when he stated to Sir John Simon that Germany's air power was on parity with that of Great Britain.

"Germany's Air Force is now large enough to discourage aggression, and to ward off any attacks from the air," he declared.

General Göring chuckled as if he considered it one of the greatest practical jokes in history, as he narrated to me how he had so successfully for two years built up Germany's present Air Force in the greatest secrecy, and in an atmosphere of mystery, which he declared had challenged and defied the spies and secret agents of the Intelligence Services of several countries. He waved his hand, and spoke as if he had produced a military air fleet out of space.

"Very few Germans even know to-day where they came from," he told me. "All this time I was making military 'planes in secret places. In one place I would be making wings, at another place fuselage parts, at another place engines or engine parts, and still somewhere else instruments and other accessories. They were so scattered that no one person could find out what I was really doing. Then came the time for assembling, and that only a very little while ago. I had the first squadrons assembled, and presented Europe with my initial instalment of Germany's Air Force. I am not going to disclose how all this was done in secrecy, and under the very eyes of the many secret agents sent into Germany especially to discover what I was doing. Perhaps I will reveal it one day in my memoirs!"

I turned to Frau Göring, who was contemplating her husband with a smile of pride.

Frau Göring is Germany's First Lady of the Land. But she is too modest to accept the title. "It is enough to be my husband's wife," she said.

"So you, too, are ready to acquiesce in the Nazi principle that women should return to the domestic sphere, whence post-war days emancipated them?" I asked, a little disappointedly.

In both Fascist Italy under Mussolini, and Nazi Germany under Hitler, the Governments have made decided efforts to relegate women again to their traditional rôles of wife, mother, and housekeeper. Italian and German women to-day are being pushed into the background of public life. Their State duty is to bear and rear large families, cook and keep house for their militant menfolk. If girls are encouraged to take part in sports and open-air recreations it is with a view to raising the health standard of the nation. This is in striking contrast to Soviet Russia, first and only country in the modern world to admit women on absolute equality and comradeship with their men.

"You are a famous actress; how do you feel about the Nazi policy of cramping women's freedom?" I asked her.

"I must say I do not regard it exactly as 'cramping' women's freedom," she replied. "To me it seems quite logical that in a country where there are so many unemployed men, men should be given the preference whenever a job of work is available. Each employed man is the potential head of a family. He is enabled to marry and

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The "NORMANDIE" SETS OUT

France's Rival to the "Queen Mary" Leaves St. Nazaire Harbour to Run Her Speed Trials

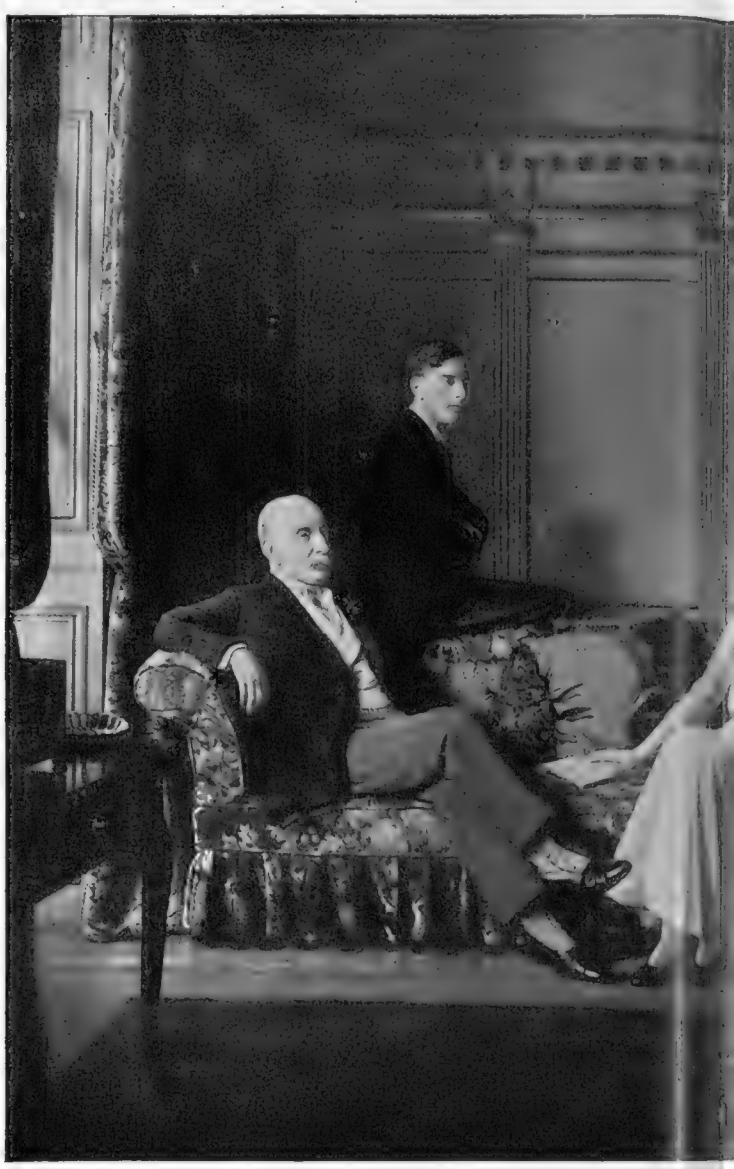
THE PRIDE OF THE FRENCH MERCANTILE MARINE: The 79,000-ton French liner, *Normandie*, now the largest vessel afloat, being towed from the quayside as she left St. Nazaire Harbour. She had a great send-off from the thousands of spectators who came down to the dockyard

IN THE TREACHEROUS WATERS OF THE LOIRE: The stately liner making her way towards the open sea, where she encountered a severe thunderstorm. She had over 2,500 persons on board, and on the second day out she ran a trial (not at full power) and registered an average speed of 24 knots. *Left*—A view of the stern, from which the upper works rise in a series of galleries

A POTENTIAL RECORD BREAKER: *Left*—One of the vessel's three elliptically-shaped funnels viewed from the top of a dockyard crane. *Right*—Nearing the open sea, where the tugs left her and she set out for the first time under her own power. The *Normandie* will start her maiden voyage to New York on May 29, and it is confidently expected by the Compagnie Générale that she will win the Blue Riband of the North Atlantic, and easily eclipse the record at present held by the German liner, *Bremen*. Next year, however, she is likely to be beaten by her British rival, the *Queen Mary*, which is now nearing completion on the Clyde

PORTRAITURE AT TH

"LIEUT.-COLONEL CHARLES SAMMAN, J.P., R.A.M.C.": A presentation portrait by Frederick W. Elwell, A.R.A., of a former Master of the Worshipful Society of Apothecaries. The artist has been an Associate of the Royal Academy since 1931



"THE SILVER WEDDING": As a painter of interiors L. Campbell Taylor has few typifies his distinctive style. The artist, who was elected an A.R.A. in 192 St. John's Wood Art School, and at the Royal Academy. His wel

"SIR GEORGE NEWMAN, K.C.B.": A presentation portrait by Margaret Lindsay Williams of the Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education and Ministry of Health. The sitter is an expert on bacteriology and has written widely on the subject

"MISS ETHEL BARTLETT"

A striking canvas by Harold Knight, A.R.A., who has four portraits in this year's Academy

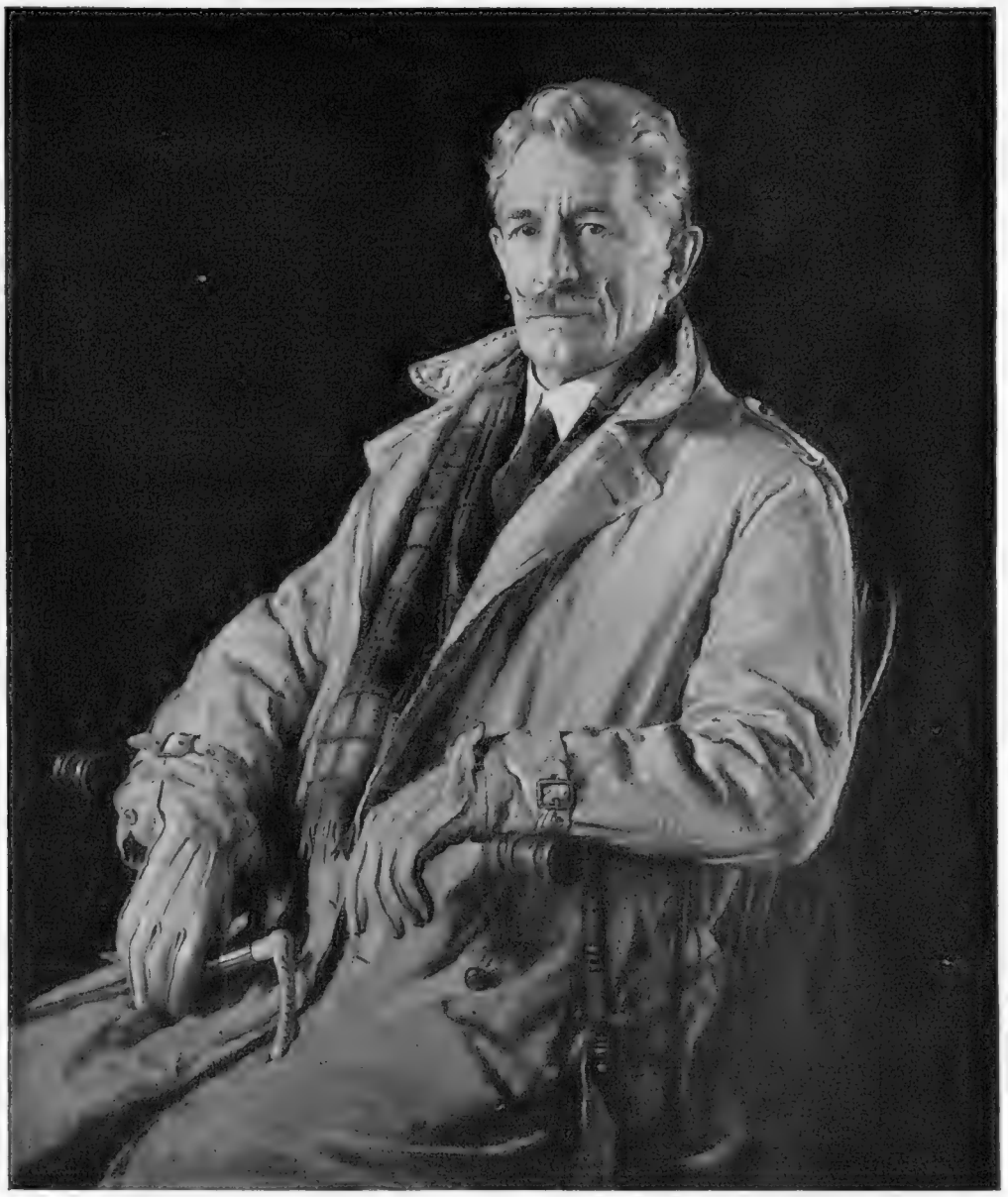
A study most

THE 1935 ACADEMY

study by Simon Elwes, one of the ost outstanding of the younger painters of to-day

es few equals among his contemporaries, and this group, with its admirable setting, in 1923 and an R.A. in 1931, was born at Oxford and studied at Ruskin School, s well-known picture, "The Rehearsal," is now in the Chantrey Collection

"THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND"



"CAPTAIN MELVILLE MILLER": A striking example of the art of Kenneth Forbes, a Canadian painter who in 1932 won the prize for the best portrait in the National Academy of Design—the American equivalent of the Royal Academy

"THE MOURNER": George Belcher, A.R.A., whose humorous sketches have for so long been a feature of *The Tatler* and other journals, reveals in this canvas the full power of his satiric genius. The picture, needless to say, has attracted general attention

A FORBIDDING EXTERIOR: The buildings of Wormwood Scrubs rising above the prison wall. The houses on the left are private ones bordering a public park

LIFE AT WORMWOOD SCRUBS

A Tour of the Famous Gaol for First Offenders where Prisoners are Neither Treated Harshly nor Pampered, are Fed Well, and, above all, are Taught the Meaning of Work

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE CENTRAL HALL OF AN ENGLISH GAOL: An illustration from T. Whyte Mountain's book, "Life in London's Great Prisons," which was published a few years ago by Messrs. Methuen

YES, it is true that they have flowers at Wormwood Scrubs, but they are wall-flowers. This, I think, gives the keynote to the conduct of the most interesting prison in Great Britain. An exact balance is kept between harshness on the one hand and any sentimentality on the other. When I asked the Governor whether the prisoners were ever allowed a cigarette, and if not, what the objection could be, he replied promptly, "Of course they don't have cigarettes. A cigarette is a luxury."

After spending five hours at Wormwood Scrubs I have come away with the feeling that I would not like to be an inmate myself. I stress this point because one reads so many garbled accounts of pampered prisoners that it is time the truth were told. It is unquestionably a grey existence for the 600-odd adult prisoners, and the 150 boys collected in "A" Block for disposal to the various Borstal institutions. Nevertheless, it is not really until they have finished their sentence that their real punishment begins. It often happens that a "Leader," as certain star prisoners are named, gets really quite pleased with himself, and realises with a distinct shock the attitude of the public to him when he has done his time.

But let us take a prisoner right through his experiences at Wormwood Scrubs from the moment he arrives from the Court at which he has been sentenced. I myself sat in at the reception office one day last week. A youth of twenty-two or so with a mass of unruly fair hair was brought in. He had been convicted of stealing a woman's hand-bag containing £5. The reception officer fired at him a number of questions such as "Hat?" "Pullover?" "One pair trousers?" "Collar and tie?" "Shirt?" He then said, "Undo your shirt-buttons and let's see your vest. Have you an under-shirt?" "No pants?" The reason for these two questions is simple. A prisoner is given the same amount of underclothing in prison as he has on when he goes inside. This youth had an undervest, so therefore he was provided with a prison undervest. He had no pants. He will therefore be pantless during his incarceration.

The reception officer then continued, "Socks?" "Boots?" "Braces?" "Gloves?" "No?" "Handkerchief?" "No?" The prisoner then received his first command, which was to fold up his collar and tie and place them in his right hand pocket. He was then told to produce the contents of his other pockets. These included a cigarette case, two pencils, a fish float, but no money. For these sorry trifles he signed his name so that they would be returned to him when he was set free. He then was told to go into a small room a few yards away where he had to strip behind a dark blue screen and have his measurements and marks taken. (It is almost unknown for a prisoner not to put on a considerable amount of weight during his time at Wormwood Scrubs.)

His physical characteristics having been noted, the youth was instructed to pass his clothes over to a warder. As they were not lousy (two or three out of the thirty or forty coming into prison every day have to be fumigated) they were placed in a white canvas bag against the day of his release. The youth was then given a hot bath and given his grey prison clothes. After this he sat on a form and waited (a) for his supper and (b) for the doctor to see him and pronounce on his ability for prison employment. He then was taken to his cell, which is about 10 ft. by 6 ft., and contains the usual cell equipment of bed and mattress, blankets, stool and table, washbasin, and tooth glass. Prisoners are allowed their own shaving brushes if they have them. They are also issued a toothbrush and are allowed to use a safety razor.

Probably the prisoner's first night is his worst. He has time to reflect on his experiences in Court and on his conviction. He does not know exactly what provision is being made for his goods and chattels or his family, if any. About 6 o'clock next morning a bell rings and he is instructed to make his bed and tidy up his cell generally. Half-an-hour later he is unlocked and is given a cup of cocoa and a slice of bread. He then has an hour of physical training. This is followed by a breakfast of a pint of tea, half-a-pound of porridge, a quarter of an ounce of margarine, and half-a-pound of bread. At 8.35 he starts on his ten-hours day of labour.

In the matter of his particular employment, one notices greater humanity than was in evidence in the old days. They do not put a gipsy in the carpenters' shop or make a tailor do out-of-doors work. As far as is possible the men are given the jobs to which they are most suited. Those who are least strong are made to pick coconut fibre. You see them sitting on benches in the same room with the mail bag stitchers. The prisoners who do the hem-stitching of the mail bags are expected to do 72 ft. of stitching in a day. Those who make the tabs are expected to finish six dozens of them in the same period. Few men, of course, know how to sew, and so they receive instruction on their first day or two in prison. The prisoner, of course, may be a carpenter, in which case he will automatically work in the carpenters' shop. Probably this type of prisoner has the easiest time in prison in as far as he knows his job and does not have the trouble of learning it. A barber is also perhaps faintly more fortunate than the others, for naturally he will be made to cut the hair of the prisoners.

The workshops include bootmaking, baking, laundry work, bookbinding, and library work among other things. When I visited the library I found a dozen men in prison grey hard at work compiling a new catalogue and doing other odd jobs. Some of them were solicitors. It is a fact that there are only six solicitors in Wormwood Scrubs at the moment. By the same token there are fifty people convicted of motoring offences,

AS THE SCREEN DEPICTS IT: Gordon Harker, as being released after serving his term. A scene presented with

numbers of postmen who have stolen postal packets, a few bank managers, and some doctors.

All the prisoners are what is known as "star" prisoners. That is to say, they have never been in prison before. A few have been bound over for some previous action, but that is all. It is satisfactory to learn, therefore, that over 90 per cent. of those who have never been in trouble before never get into trouble again, and that over 80 per cent. even of those who have been bound over before also never go to prison again. That is as high a testimonial of Wormwood Scrubs as one could wish for. The majority of the men are there for theft of some kind or another, usually fraudulent conversion; some are there for sexual offences. None of the work they do can ever be sold, so that it in no way competes with ordinary trading. When I was in the carpenters' shop I saw them making porridge stirrers for other prisons, cupboards for the prison hospital, inventory boards for the fighting services, and voting screens for polling booths. In the boot shop they were making cook's boots for the bakers of the various prisons. The majority of the prisoners being thieves of one kind or another, 80 per cent. of them have no knowledge of trade, so that the object of the workshops is to teach them to better themselves, and to have some means of earning money when they are released.

To revert to the prisoner's schedule; he is kept at his job until his lunch, which varies from day to day. The prison diet chart shows that in every twenty-eight days beans and bacon are served twice, like savoury bacon pie, soup, and steak, and treacle pudding; shepherd's pie occurs three times; preserved meat and seapie figure four times in the twenty-eight days. For the rest of the month roast beef, Irish stew, hot pot, haricot mutton, and similar dishes occur once each. It may be pointed out at this stage that each prisoner costs £88 a year to keep—a good deal less than long-term convicts.

After lunch prisoners return to the workshops and are kept hard at it until five-thirty, with a single ten minutes' break. They then return to their cells, where they are given two hours more work to do before lights go out at nine o'clock.

After two months the prisoner's life becomes slightly more varied. He has his meals in association with the other prisoners; and after he has done five months he is allowed between six p.m. and 7 p.m. to play table tennis and sit out of doors. I should have added that he is allowed to write a letter the day after he enters the prison. Thereafter he can write one letter and have a visit every twenty-eight days, or write another letter if he does not want a visit. That holds good for two months. The next twelve weeks he can write his letter or have his visit every three weeks. For the remainder of his sentence the period is reduced to every fourteen days. One must note, however, that he can receive a letter only in reply to the one he has written.

On Thursday evenings there is a lecture for the men who are still doing their first two months, while on Saturday afternoons there is a concert for men whose sentences are six weeks or less. On Bank holidays the men who have done two months already can take part in a sports tournament with running, tug-of-war, and potato race events. There are no prizes. There is merely a shield for the table at which the winner of each event sits.

From seven to eight in the evening the "senior" prisoners can take classes in a variety of subjects such as German, Biology, French, and Spanish. Spanish seems to be the most popular subject as many of the prisoners seem to have hopes that they will go out to South America and make good. Other subjects include civics, English literature, drawing, and gardening, with a hod-carrying class for those who may find jobs on discharge as builders' labourers. The teachers are mostly voluntary.

As time goes on, prisoners gradually become acclimatised, and they learn what has happened at home in their absence. They are increasingly hopeful rather than resentful. This is in direct contrast to the old days when their treatment caused them to feel that they owed the community a grudge. I am told that most of them when asked their outlook on life say that "It is not so bad if only I had a job in prospect." The boredom must obviously be intense, particularly for the better educated men, who are in fairly high proportion at Wormwood Scrubs. At the same time, the policy of catering for individual prisoners is much more humane than in the old days when there was no effort made to fit the prisoner to his most suitable occupation. Let me say at once that prisoners do not have wireless sets, though the King's speech last Christmas Day was relayed by loud speakers.

I have said nothing about religion. There is in fact a Roman Catholic chapel as well as a Church of England one. People who describe themselves as Atheists remain in their cells during the church service. Jews, who are always in a minority, are visited by a Rabbi.

This brings me to prison visitors and prison visiting, which demands a distinct technique. Nine prisoners out of ten are in dire need of a friend, and it is their own troubles which they want to discuss. At a first visit, however, the prisoner is feeling bitter and cynical, and frequently believes that his own advisers have let him down. Consequently the Governor, the officers, and frequently even the chaplain, appear to him at first as the paid representatives of his oppressors, and therefore are numbered among his enemies. The prison visitor alone, by virtue of his unofficial status, remains outside this category.

In the preliminary stages it is usually possible to discover the men's hobbies, and the really efficient visitor will learn enough about the principal forms of sport to be able to discuss them with intelligence, whether it is cricket, football, or even racing.

Prisoners can be roughly divided into several types. There is the "innocent" prisoner, who claims to be the victim of a miscarriage of justice. There is the ultra-religious type. (Most people have little time to themselves, and it is not unnatural that the prisoner, finding himself alone, and for the time being stationary in his struggle for existence, sets himself seriously to think. Prison visitors have to beware of the temperamental prisoner who claims to have received inspiration and even revelation since he came to prison). There is also the despairing type of prisoner who deplores his own weakness, and who seems quite incapable of pulling himself together. There is no doubt about it, prison visitors create a very necessary break in the monotony of the prisoner's existence. They are the fresh air admitted to a room in which the atmosphere is oppressive, and the good visitor not only helps the prisoner in prison but remains his friend after release. I should perhaps point out that every prisoner is entitled in these enlightened days to see the Governor, if he wants to, every twenty-four hours. The day I was down there the Governor had seen no fewer than forty men.

IN THE BAD OLD DAYS: Prisoners, chained together and masked, at exercise in the yard of Pentonville gaol

As we walked round the prison we passed numbers of men, some in charge of warders and others by themselves. The latter were the fourth stage men and "leaders" appointed for their tact, discretion, and example. One could not help looking at their eyes, but there seemed to be no general common denominator there except perhaps intense curiosity. Some looked hang-dog; two or three were actually laughing; others were vacuous or downcast. None of them looked tense. That seemed a good sign.

If any of you ever saw that film, *Le Million*, to which I have referred once or twice in articles about factories in THE SPHERE, you may remember that the motif of this satirical film was to show that there is little or no difference between working in a factory and being in prison. There is, however, a vital difference. Though the hours of hard work may be the same, though the conditions may, if anything, be more healthy in a prison, though the mechanical nature of the job may be similar, there is always one vital difference — the knowledge of men in prison that at nine o'clock the great gates are locked for the night.

the old lag, has a final interview with the Governor of the prison before om the Universal-Twickenham comedy, *The Lad*, which was recently great success at the New Gallery Cinema

A MODERN CELL: The barely furnished room with toilet requisites, eating and cleaning utensils, bed-board, etc., laid out in readiness for the morning inspection. On the little shelf on the left are books borrowed from the prison library

Controlling the Bedouin of Trans-Jordan

How a Young Englishman has Organized a Highly Efficient Force for Policing the Desert

By KENNETH WILLIAMS

GUARDIANS OF THE DESERT: Mr. Kenneth Williams (*centre*), the author of the accompanying article, with two members of the Arab Legion—the force of Bedouin soldiers which keeps order among the tribesmen

IN THE DESOLATE JEBEL TUBEIQ COUNTRY: The vast desert that covers not less than four-fifths of Trans-Jordan, and which is controlled from a series of forts equipped with wireless and manned by Bedouins under the command of an Englishman, Major J. B. Glubb

THE land of Trans-Jordan, for which Great Britain holds a mandate that is distinct from the Palestine Mandate, is assailed with many problems, deriving for the most part from the financial depression in which for some years this Emirate has unhappily lain. Among the more pressing questions is the plight of the Bedouin tribes, to which, after years of tension with the Wahhabis of the south, the Mandatory Power has latterly brought peace and security of limb. But this security does not extend to the means of existence, a fact which a recent tour in the desert areas has served to bring forcibly home to the writer.

All matters of internal security in Trans-Jordan devolve upon the Arab Legion, an instrument not of the British Government but of the Trans-Jordan Government, with headquarters at the capital, Amman. The Commandant of this Legion, El Fariq F. G. Peake Pasha, is virtually Director of Public Security, and, in accordance with the geographical nature of Trans-Jordan, his force is divided into urban, rural, and desert sections.

The administrative divisions of Trans-Jordan, which are controlled by Arab *mutassarifs* (governors) are, from north to south, Ajlun, the Belqa, Kerak, and Maan, and in them are contained practically all the towns and villages in the land. The other great section of Trans-Jordan—it comprises not less than four-fifths of the whole—is the desert. This boasts no *mutassarif*, but is entirely sponsored by an Englishman, Major J. B. Glubb, who has created the desert side of the Arab Legion and who controls this vast area by means of a series of forts equipped with wireless and manned by Bedouin *jundis* (private soldiers). The desert officially is held to include all that area of Trans-Jordan lying east of the Hejaz Railway between Deraa and Maan, and east of the road between Maan and Aqaba, at the head of the Red Sea.

THE FORT OF MUDOWARA: This stronghold, which was built by Suleiman the Magnificent in the sixteenth century for the use of pilgrims to Mecca and Medina, is now one of the principal police posts of the Arab Legion. Note the wireless masts above the battlements. *Right*—A jundi (Bedouin soldier) leaving the fort

Police posts have been established at various vital points including H5 and H4, two of the pumping stations on the pipe-line of the Iraq Petroleum Company, Qasr al Azraq, Bair, Jaffar, Mudowara, and so on.

These desert police, in their red *keffiya*, black *agal*, and long khaki skirts, are definitely attractive. Of their founder, Major J. B. Glubb, it is not too much to say (indeed it is generally and enthusiastically recognised in expert circles) that he has a genius with the Bedouin. All previous attempts at controlling the desert in Trans-Jordan having failed, Major Glubb undertook to recruit Bedouin for the purpose of controlling Bedouin. So bold a scheme seemed an apparent contradiction, as if the blind should lead the blind.

Coming to Trans-Jordan at the end of 1930, this young officer at once set out to explore sections of the desert never before visited by Trans-Jordan Government representatives. The local Bedouin heard of his project with equanimity; they said that he would never get through. The Huwaitat tribe, especially secure among other places in their immemorial fastness of Jebel Tubeiq, laughed at the notion of the motor cars penetrating into their sanctities. Major Glubb, however, knew his Bedouin; he had heard such tales before. He knew also the capabilities of his Ford car. He took his life, and little else, in his hand. He got through. But I confess that, going over this country but a few weeks ago—some of it untraversed by any European other than Major Glubb—I should have shared the confident opinion of the Huwaitat.

At the present time, the desert section of the Arab Legion boasts men from almost all the better-known tribes of Arabia, not only from Trans-Jordan itself, but also from Iraq Nejd, the Hejaz, and Syria. Standards of enlistment are very high; the force contains a large number of sheikhs' sons. Its fame is spread almost throughout the length and breadth of the Arabian Peninsula, and offers of enlistment from distant tribes constantly have to be refused—sometimes owing to political considerations. I myself have witnessed the disappointment of an Arab who had journeyed all the way to Maan, on the Pilgrim Railway, from Hasa, on the Persian Gulf, to serve in the Legion. He thought little, apparently, of the penalties that attach to such subjects of King Abdul Aziz ibn Saud as enlist in the service of foreign countries; but, in any case, he was sent sorrowfully away.

The enthusiasm, smartness, and efficiency of these desert police, trained by one Englishman alone and his Arab N.C.O.s, are a joy to behold. Miles and miles away from civilization one comes to a remote post in which a handful of *jundis* drill, shoulder and present arms, and so on, in a most creditable manner. The young Bedouin—and they are always recruited young—are extremely intelligent, and they become "full out" at once. Such infectious eagerness was a revelation.

Even more astonishing, however, were the speed and complete smoothness with which the desert police have reduced the Bedouin to order. Since 1932 there has not been a man killed in checking the hitherto absolutely lawless tribesmen; it is difficult, indeed, to realise that where to-day one may wander in perfect safety and be sure of the traditional, almost overwhelming hospitality of the Bedouin, only a few years ago one would have groped at the certain expense, if not of one's throat, at any rate of one's clothes and of one's possessions. Two or three black tents are pitched to-day where but a few years ago thirty or forty would, for the Bedouin, have seemed a minimum number.

Between Mudowara Pilgrim Rest-house (now a police post) and Mudowara Station, for instance, a journey of but two kilometres or so, the traveller four years ago simply dare not venture. Nowadays one can go alone and unafraid. So swift a transformation, effected without payments to tribal sheikhs (the effective method employed by King Ibn Saud, whose handling of the Bedouin is magisterial), has never before been seen. It is, as I have said, the work of one man, and it cannot be too highly praised.

But if, through British genius and Bedouin keenness, the timeless pastime of raiding has been stopped among the tribesmen of Trans-Jordan, another problem has been created. How are these Bedouin, with their former modes of existence thus changed, to continue to live? Medical investigation of these tribesmen's condition has proved how near to starvation thousands are; many have died from it. Poverty, and consequent ill-health, among the

(*Cont. on p. 338*)

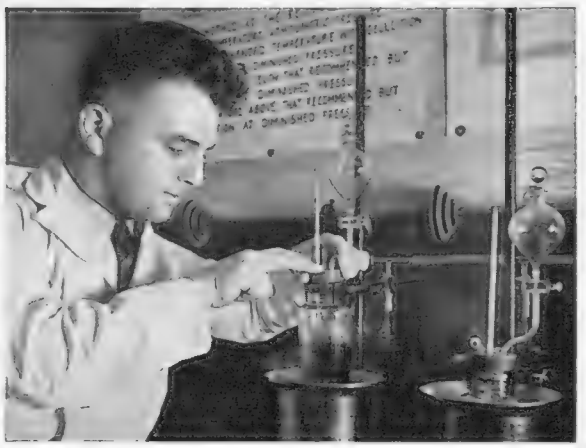
ECONOMICAL WOOL DYEING

A New and Remarkable Discovery made by Imperial Chemical Industries

SCIENCE AIDS INDUSTRY: A discovery of paramount importance to concerns engaged in wool dyeing has recently been made at the laboratories of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., at Manchester, where it has been found that it is not necessary to employ the traditional method of dyeing at the boil, but that much quicker and superior results can be obtained by bubbling air into the dye liquor at a temperature of between 60 degrees and 80 degrees centigrade. The above picture shows twelve test tubes arranged in three groups of four, the last two tubes in each group clearly revealing how, by the new technique, the dye liquor is more completely "exhausted" after use—proof that it has penetrated the material thoroughly

CONTRAST: Two pieces of wool felt, one dyed by the old process, and the other by the new process. In the latter case, it will be noted, the colour has penetrated the material completely, while in the former the penetration is only partial

DYEING IN MINIATURE: A member of the optical department at the laboratories examining through a microscope the various changes taking place during the dyeing by the latest method of a single wool fibre placed in a specially constructed cell. *Right*—Adjusting the photomicroscope prior to taking photographs of the process illustrated above



TESTING THE TURBULENCE OF THE DYE LIQUOR after bubbling air into it at a temperature of about sixty degrees centigrade

Special "Sphere" Pictures by William Davis

RESEARCH WORK IN PROGRESS AT THE LABORATORIES OF IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES: *Left*—Examining the condition of the dye liquor. *Right*—A chemist withdrawing a sample of "spent" dye for purposes of analysis

DAY INTO NIGHT: Two pictures that illustrate vividly the intensity of the dust storms that have been sweeping across the wheat-producing States of America and creating untold havoc and distress. *Left*—A Kansas farmer attempting to save one of his tractors from being buried. *Right*—Women shoppers fighting against the dust in a street in Alva, Oklahoma

DUST OVER AMERICA

The Winter Wheat Crop Almost Completely Destroyed by an Unprecedented Series of Storms in the United States Corn Belt

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

ON April 17 the U.S. Department of Agriculture committed itself to an interesting prophecy. Wheat prices will be higher. This forecast is not surprising in view of the U.S. Government estimate of a wheat crop heavily below the five-year average (with a cotton crop barely sufficient to cover domestic consumption). But what is strange is the cause. It is dust-wind and dust.

The transformation of the five States comprising America's "breadbasket" into her "dust bowl" seems destined to have more than a queer-phenomenon interest for a world whose chief food is bread, and particularly for Britain, easily the world's biggest wheat importer, with an annual intake of 200,000,000 bushels. The American winter wheat crop is one of the world's most important single crops; and it has been ruined. The densely populated industrial countries depend on the great American wheat belt for the largest single contribution to the 700,000,000 bushels they need, in addition to home-grown crops, to satisfy all their wheat needs. If there were not around 1,000,000,000 bushels of old wheat—surplus from five years of bumper crops in the granaries of America, Canada, the Argentine, and East Europe—the reports of crop damage in the corn belt would be accompanied by news of soaring wheat prices and famine precautions over wide areas of the earth.

So much for the larger implications of the plague of dust which has been, and still is, ravaging the American mid-West (we need not here go into the American politics side, although it is well to recall that wheat can be a dominant political factor, and that it was wheat politics which kept America out of the war until 1917, and wheat politics which put Mr. Roosevelt into the White House). A glance at the high lights of the natural phenomenon now is illuminating.

In 104 days there have been fifty dust storms. Laura Ingalls, the airwoman, trying to set up a new transcontinental record recently, was forced down on the edge of the South Rockies by a blinding dust storm which choked her even at 23,000 ft. and caused her motor to lose power. In west Kansas, chickens went to roost at mid-day, and farmers performed their afternoon tasks by lantern light. Motorists had the ignition system of their cars short circuited by static electricity created by the friction of the dust. "Dust 'flu," a feverish sickness, with irritation of nostrils, throat, and lungs, has attacked thousands. Even such hardy animals as jack rabbits have been dying in large numbers in the afflicted areas, being first blinded by dust, and subsequently perishing of thirst or suffocation. Over tens of thousands of acres of wheat fields the eye sees nothing but rows of stubble with mounds appearing here and there where balls of weed have been blown into the grain and covered by the drifting soil. Finally—ironical touch—representatives of the five wheat States, meeting in Garden City, Kansas, to plan a regional campaign against soil erosion, were unable to depart owing to the thickness of the latest storm, which blotted out the sun and reduced visibility to zero, while hundreds of men were clearing the streets of the silt deposit of the previous storm.

One has to go to the Sahara or Gobi Desert to find a parallel to dust storms of this magnitude. The cause of the desert sand storm is simple. It is wind blowing over an expanse of dry, loose sand. It seems perplexing at first to find something of the same conditions prevailing in the fertile plains of the Middle West. But, on closer investigation, what appears to be a fantastic natural phenomenon turns out to be mainly a legacy of over-intensive farming and lack of human foresight.

These immense plains were buffalo grazing grounds before man pushed in and made them one of the great granaries of the earth and the hub of a gigantic machine civilization. Cattle farmers came first and then cultivators; and what little grass and deep-rooted weed the vast cattle herds had left the ploughs of the cultivators tore up and destroyed. The farmers, bent on making the land yield its maximum wealth in as short a time as possible, were turning it into an earth desert without realizing what they were doing.

Denuded of grass and weeds which had bound it together, and with its normal consistency still further weakened by constant ploughing and harrowing for a "scatter crop" like wheat, the soil at length became as loose as sand—nothing there to bind it. So long as rainfall was normal the humidity kept the soil from blowing about. But in 1932 came the drought, which is still with us.

Meteorologists surmise that the world drought originated in some tremendous volcanic eruptions in the Andes in the spring of '32 (the dry years which followed the celebrated eruption of Vesuvius on August 27, A.D. 79, are in the chronicles of Oriental history). Dust in suspension in the air, the dust of the eruptions, would give the drought its start, and winds from the low-pressure area would carry it on. The theory, supported by meteorological observations, is that dust is borne into the stratosphere, the upper layer of hot air which blankets the earth miles up. It forms a pall sufficiently dense to interfere with the free passage of the short-wave rays of the sun. In consequence less heat reaches the earth. And as a result the earth gets less rain and snow; rain falling because the sun's heat, plus the lower heat of the earth, causes the water present in the atmosphere to evaporate and turn from its liquid form into water vapour. The dust particles besides absorb much of the moisture present in the air.

When the great dust storm of May, 1934, reached New York from the mid-West, it was observed by meteorologists that the normal humidity of the air over the city of 57 per cent. fell sharply twenty points, to 37 per cent. Tons of good top soil from the corn belt were deposited on skyscraper roofs and pavements in New York, and some of that soil dust was later detected in the air over this little island in the North Atlantic (not exceptional this, for when the Dutch East Indies volcano, Krakotoa, $4\frac{1}{2}$ cubic tons of earth and rock, blew up in August, 1883, meteorologists around the planet were still finding that volcanic dust in the atmosphere two years later).

Thus, dust breeds dust through drought, the drought creating more dust. Scientists understand this. But the farmers and political leaders of the corn belt have become wise late in the day. Last year, fearful of seeing their great food reservoir destroyed by the removal of soil by wind, the

(Continued on p. 338)

SPRINGTIME IN BIRDLAND

The Nightingale's Untiring Song—The Courtship of the Cuckoo—The Chaffinch Builds Its Nest

THE hawthorn flows—a sea of foam—along the margin of the lane. Across the dewy field marsh buttercups and daisies in white and golden companies. Through the greenwood the bluebells drift in a mist of lovely colour . . .

And together with the bluebells the nightingale has made his appearance, and he, too, has settled in the greenwood. Where the leaves grow thickly he is singing untiringly, as it would seem, all day and all night long. He spends little time on rest—only for a few short hours does he cease his singing. But amongst the countless voices of the daytime, his song with its long-drawn intervals may pass almost unheard.

He is making the most of his time whilst still at leisure. Soon he will curtail his music when the small home is full of nestlings, and the music has to give place to domestic affairs. By now the full complement of the varied warblers from abroad has reached us; even those laggards which delay their coming until the last, have arrived.

They have all taken up their quarters; in many cases in the same haunts as last year. And now all their thoughts are concentrated upon love-making and nest-building, and all those affairs attendant upon the season. The whole countryside seems full of their light forms and the delicate music of their voices.

Where the tall reeds are rising high in the swampy ground, the sedge warbler has his particular domain. He is a restless fellow, and he flits about the marshy places in constant movement, and is strangely elusive to the searching eye. But although there may be difficulty in catching a glimpse of him, there is no difficulty whatever in hearing him for he has a great dislike of any intruder about his haunts, and begins to scold at the slightest sign of disturbance.

Some few yards away a small harsh voice is echoing the sedge warbler's note of alarm. And a stonechat shoots up from the undergrowth on to the extremest point of a low-growing furze bush. And there he sits, a decorative figure, though a small one, in his gay suit with his flaming waistcoat, and black and white neckerchief.

He repeats his irritated "Tack, tack," and then he flies on to say it yet once again upon another vantage point close at hand.

Amongst the fresh beauty of the blossoming Maytime the cuckoo flies excitedly over the meadow, shouting his far-reaching call across the land as he hurries after the ever elusive female of the species. For these are coy and scarce, and the male birds are greatly in the majority; and so they are hard at work in endless pursuit and rivalry and courtship.

They are a very noticeable feature of the countryside at this time, and in some places the woods and fields seem alive with the "wandering voice" and the grey hawklike figure of the cuckoos. The call sounds clear and true as yet; soon it will change. Their notes make an harmonious contrast to the chorus of song which is ringing through the English countryside to-day—filling it with what is so essentially a part of May in England—the music of the myriad bird voices.

The young green is spreading itself across the land, growing fast in density, and amid all its luxuriance many a nest now lies concealed. Set far back in the thickness of the ivy which grows about an ancient oak tree the blackbird has made her home. A bowl of moss and twigs and bracken, solid in structure, but so loosely contrived outside that it errs towards untidiness. However, she cares nothing for that, and sits complacently in her snug retreat.

And in the lane that gay fellow, the chaffinch, runs through his short, refreshing song some two or three times before he rushes off to the hedgerow where, within the close-growing covert of hawthorn leaf and snowy blossom, a cup-shaped nest, a marvel of moss and lichen, is nearing completion.

And so proceeds the business of the birds, whilst the budding and blossoming and singing grow in strength and beauty day by day.

Muriel W. Haywood

SANG-FROID: This blackbird has built her nest on the hub of an old wheel in a wheelwright's yard at Colchester, and is quite unconcerned by the noise and bustle going on around her

BLOSSOM-TIME IN SUFFOLK: Snow-white blackthorn and golden gorse beautifying the countryside

NATURE INSPIRED

THE BOUNTY OF SPRING

A gorgeous avenue of blossom on a Buckinghamshire highway

JUBILEE! *Top*—Many years ago this pear tree in a Cumberland valley was blown over and, when this picture was taken in 1910, it seemed to be gradually dying. *Above*—The tree as it is to-day, still crippled but resplendent with blossom

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Charles Graves Enquires into "The Price of Pleasure": Courtney Ryley Cooper Exposes American Local Politics: Richard Coleman Writes an Entertaining Story of Negro Life

By VERNON FANE

CURIOSITY, they used to tell me, killed the cat. On the other hand Mr. Aldous Huxley, who belongs to another school of thought, has said somewhere that man differs from, and is superior to, the animal kingdom because he is a curious ape. Yet another school, and this a misanthrope steeped in Schopenhauer, states that man is superior to woman because whereas few women ever want to know what is going on round a corner, or over an horizon, most men will set off to find out. Hence, I suppose, the indiscretion of Columbus.

All of which being as wide of the mark as every other generalisation, I will now take my friend Charles Graves to task for keeping me up late.

It is all very well to enjoy an apparently boundless energy and a desire to poke your nose into, underneath, and round about every phase of life which the ordinary person like you and me takes for granted—such as Paris frocks, circuses, the love affairs and £ s.d. of oysters, lovelies at Le Touquet, not-so-lovelies at Monte, slate mines, what women earn, what bull-fighters ditto, beer, racehorses, aeroplanes, hounds (fox and grey), burglars, motor-racing people, film people, all sorts of people, all sorts of things (the list would fill this page)—it is all very well, I say, but a book like THE PRICE OF PLEASURE (Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.) keeps me awake.

Quaglino's, for instance, is a small restaurant in Bury Street, St. James's, yet its turnover is £200,000 a year. And did you know that winter was the open season for burglaries? Or that fur merchants usually choose a fisher fur to give to their wives? Or that George the mandrill, at the Zoo, used to purr like a cat for big game hunters? Perhaps, in your studies of feminine activities, you had discovered that marriage is still the best paid job of all. The thought so sobers Charles Graves that he plunges straight into the economics of golf, and slides straight from there on to the ice rink.

Did you know that Ely Culbertson works sixteen hours a day, that Francis Lederer learned English in a Lyons' Corner House, that the King's aunts go greyhound racing, that they take £2,000 in green fees in a week-end at Le Touquet, that most mannequins get £2 a week and are lucky to get £5, and that Mr. Charles Graves is "certain that, after the crudities of murder and sex, the most interesting subject in life is other people's money?" But I could go on quoting for ever.

This is a large, fat book, exciting as an encyclopædia, bright and bubbling with good gossip from behind the scenes of everything. Only I warn the curious apes not to start it late at night.

The paper jacket—I must admit it—of CLIMBING DAYS (Bell. 16s.) first attracted me. It is the photograph of a stout climbing boot, and a less stout but equally valiant leg poised on a particularly unsafe-looking piece of rock over a precipice.

"This," I thought to myself, "is the stuff." And it, I discovered within a very few moments, emphatically was the stuff. Mrs. I. A. Richards, who writes under the name of Dorothy Pilley, is a well-known climber, and, like so many of the greatest climbers, began her mountainous career in Wales. From thence she has tackled every climbable range in the world—from the Rockies to the Himalayas.

Moreover, Mrs. Richards can write—which is more than most mountaineering reminiscencers can do—and some of her descriptive prose might please even the Cambridge English Faculty. I like the easy way she re-creates each scene—the thrills; I like her comments by the way; her use of the word "wodgy," and her pictures are a feast in themselves.

The immunity of American gangsters from arrest, or if arrested, from conviction, used at one time to be a byword throughout the world. But the last few years have seen a change with Al Capone in prison, and a succession of Public Enemies No. 1 meeting violent deaths by machine guns or bombs.

As Mr. Courtney Ryley Cooper explains in TEN THOUSAND PUBLIC ENEMIES (Lovat Dickson. 8s. 6d.) it is the United States Department of Investigation that is chiefly responsible for the changed state of affairs. His book is frankly propaganda—to tell the public some of the work of that department, which he does in three ways.

He recounts the brilliant and daring (and true) exploits of the special agents, he debunks the romance and "sob-sister stuff" that have centred round such bandits as Dillinger, "Baby-Face" Nelson, or "Pretty Boy" Floyd, and he exposes, as far as the limits of the book allow, the graft and inefficiency of American local politics.

In the latter connection Mr. Ryley Cooper makes some amazing statements. "It is the belief of the average citizen," he writes, "that a police chief controls the life of a city as concerns crooks, but in at least one town the big crook goes to see the ruling politician and the police have nothing to say. That, sadly enough, is the condition of officials in other cities as well. Their jobs are dependent on the whim of the man who controls them; they are merely obeying orders."

Here is a book that tells the stories of the most famous bandits and murderers, and of their robberies and kidnappings. It thrilled me, to use an overworked word. Perhaps it will thrill you, too.

THEATRE GUYED (Methuen. 6s.) is an amusing little book by Mr. A. E. Wilson who is one of our most distinguished dramatic critics. Mr. Wilson does not usually allow himself such an irresponsible mood, but it is a successful innovation, and I for one would like to encourage him.

I particularly liked the chapter on stage newspapers and stage letters. Stage newspapers, where the principal item of news is discovered hiding away on a back page among the racing news, and stage letter writers (who invariably prefer a quill), and who are "apparently gifted with the mastery of some special kind of shorthand which enables them to dash off farewells to husbands in the same time as it would take the ordinary letter writer to stamp an envelope."

I can only suppose that dramatic critics do not take the drama so seriously as I had imagined. I am shocked, of course, and considerably relieved.

DON'T YOU WEEP DON'T YOU MOAN (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) is an example of a rare type of book. It is an excellent story about negroes in the southern city of Charleston, and it carries no urgent message, and has been written in no spirit of violent propaganda.

On the contrary, Mr. Richard Coleman has written a very fast-moving book of loves and hates and dances and razors, and with none of the patronizing sympathy that usually pulls me up half way through such a novel.

For anyone who has the least interest in coloured people, or the least feeling for them, this is an eventful book. And if you don't care for negroes, it's still a good story.

In my article in THE SPHERE of April 27 in which I reviewed Mr. Kenneth Matthews' excellent travel book, *Greek Salad*, I inadvertently attributed its publication to Chatto and Windus. The publishers of the work are Peter Davies, and I regret any inconvenience that has been caused them by my misstatement.

A WOMAN ON THE HEIGHTS: Dorothy Pilley (Mrs. I. A. Richards), a leading mountaineer whose reminiscences have just been published by Messrs. Bell under the title of *Climbing Days*. The book contains much of practical concern to climbers but, by reason of the author's lively observation and rare gift of humour, is already making a very general appeal

THE TALE OF A TYRANT: Baroness Katharina Dombrowski, the author of *Land of Women*—an historical novel with the Paraguay of the 1860's as its setting, and with Francisco Solano Lopez, the ambitious and cruel dictator, as its central figure. The book is published by Putnam's

THE STORY OF A CROWDED LIFE: Mrs. Jardine Parsloe—a cousin of Mr. D. R. Jardine, the cricketer—whose autobiography, entitled *A Parson's Daughter*, has recently been issued by Faber and Faber. The author has had an interesting career of adventure and, at varying times, has been a farmer, a groom, a gamekeeper, and the owner of a bus service

A BOOK LIST

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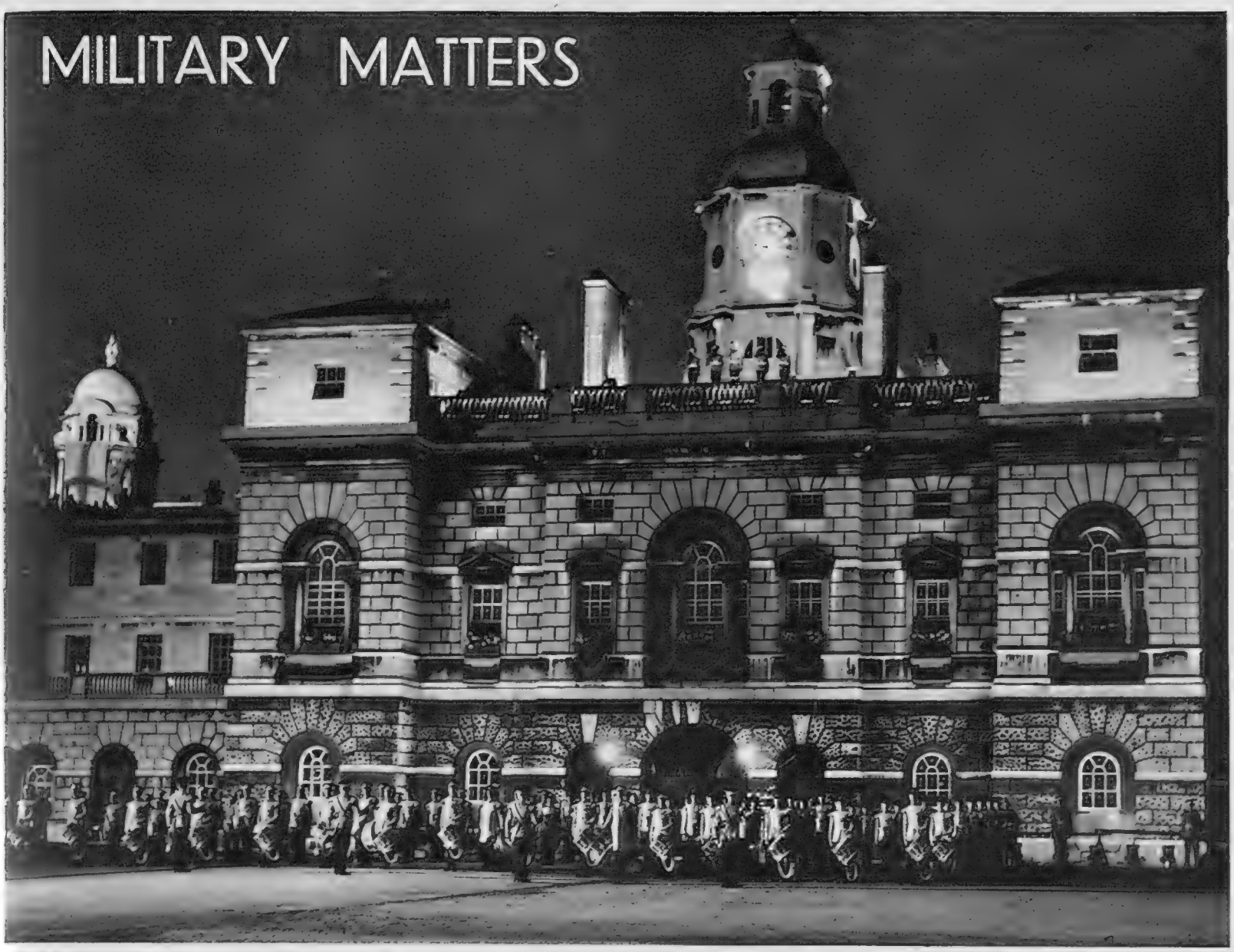
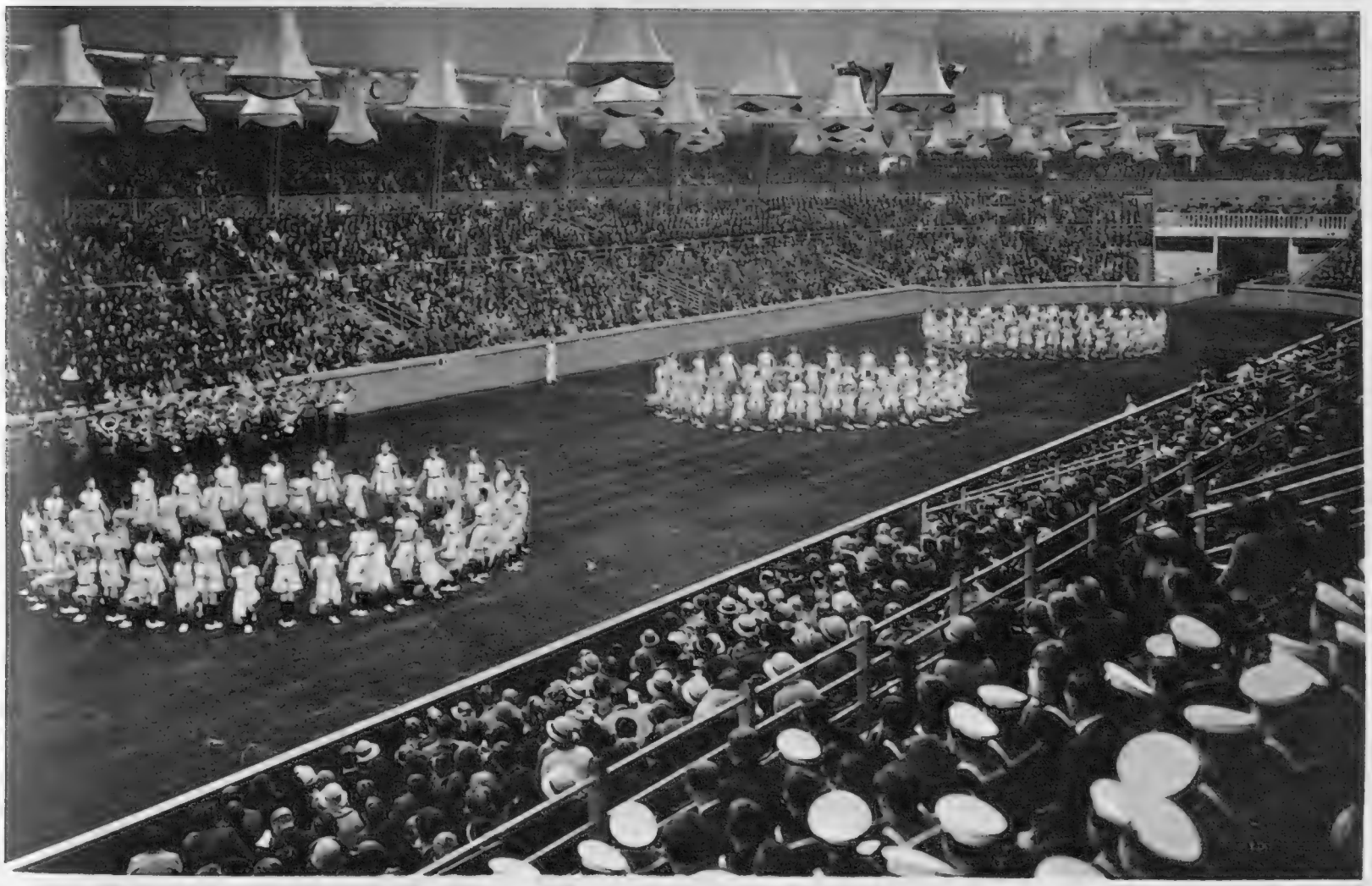
MILITARY MATTERS



LONDON'S FLOODLIGHT TATTOO: The scene on the brilliantly-illuminated Horse Guards' Parade during the Tattoo given on May 9 by the massed drums of the 2nd and 3rd Battalions, Coldstream Guards; 1st Battalion, Irish Guards; 1st Battalion, Welsh Guards; and the pipes of the 1st Battalion, Irish Guards. Thousands of people attended the display which was one of many inspiring events in an inspiring week. The performance is to be repeated on May 20 and May 23



UNITY IS STRENGTH: Representatives of the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force giving a joint physical-training display at the Royal Tournament at Olympia which was opened last week by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. "The Spirit of Co-operation between the Services" has been made the special theme of this year's tournament, and the leading item on the programme is a combined historical pageant organized by H.M.S. *Excellent*, the Queen's Royal Regiment (the oldest of English line regiments), and members of the R.A.F.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN IN TORONTO

The End of a Triumphant Tour

ON THE DECK OF THE "PINAFORE": One of a series of pictures taken from the wings at the Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, during the last days of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company's outstandingly successful North American tour. The company will shortly be appearing in London at the Sadler's Wells Theatre

"TAKE A PAIR OF SPARKLING EYES": A scene at the Court of Barataria in *The Gondoliers* with Charles Goulding, as Marco, singing one of the principal songs, and Leslie Rands, as Giuseppe, looking on

"BUT YOUTH, OF COURSE, MUST HAVE ITS FLING": The chorus in *The Mikado*, perhaps the most popular of the operas, which will be presented six times during the forthcoming season at Sadler's Wells

PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES: *Left*—Sydney Granville, dressed for the part of Pooh-Bah, looking admiringly at some of the pictures shown on this page, all of which were taken with a miniature camera during an actual performance. *Right*—Marjorie Eyre, on right of group, as Hebe, Sir Joseph's first cousin, and Muriel Dickson as Josephine, the Captain's daughter, waiting for their cues in *H.M.S. Pinafore*

DRAMA *and* BALLET

ARISTOCRATS BELOW STAIRS: Two scenes from *Tovarich*, the comedy which was recently presented at the Lyric after a successful try-out in Edinburgh. *Left*—Prince Mikail (Cedric Hardwicke) and Archduchess Tatiana (Eugenie Leontovich), the Russians of noble birth who enter the service of the Duponts, a family of social climbers. *Above*—M. Charles Dupont (Evelyn Roberts) finds his servants, of whose true identity he was previously unaware, dressed in all their finery as they are about to leave the kitchen on their weekly night out to attend a gathering of exiled Russians

PRESIDING GENIUS: Ninette de Valois who has been largely responsible for creating the very fine corps of dancers forming the Vic-Wells ballet and who is at present engaged on the choreography of a new ballet called *The Rake's Progress* which is based on the Hogarth pictures and is shortly to be presented at Sadler's Wells

A THRILLER REVIVED: Marcelle Rogez, the French star, who takes the part previously played by Enid Stamp Taylor in *Murder in Motley*—the successful crime play by Fenn Sherie and Ingram D'Abbes which started its run at the Kingsway and is now enjoying a further lease of life at the Winter Garden

LADY HAMILTON, BY ROMNEY: Portraits of Nelson's enchantress showing her (*left*) as Cassandra, the Trojan prophetess, and (*right*) as a Welsh girl—two of the thirty or more pictures by this artist for which she posed between the years 1782 and 1785. This pair is to be offered at Christie's on May 31 at the sale of masterpieces belonging to the late Mr. S. B. Joel, the South African millionaire financier

"A MALLARD RISING FROM THE WATER": This nature study by Joseph Crawhall sold for 1,150 guineas at a recent sale at Christie's and constitutes an excellent example of the high prices that, even in these times, are not infrequently offered for modern works of real merit

DISPERSAL OF THE S. B. JOEL COLLECTION

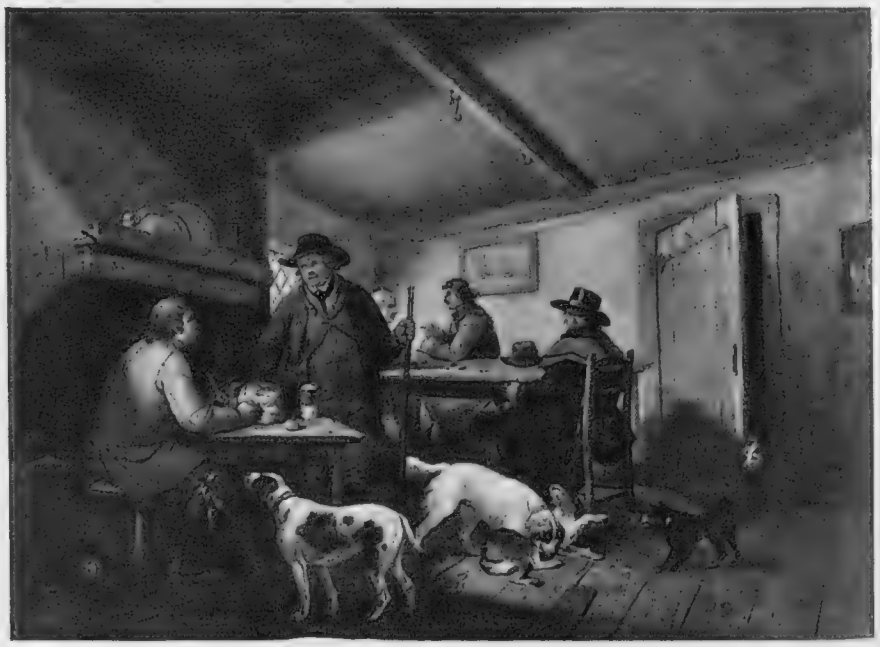
Including Some Notable Romneys and Morlands

THE late Mr. S. B. Joel was a collector of great discrimination who confined himself largely to the work of our eighteenth-century painters, specially delighting in the portraits of Romney. His small but important collection of pictures will be dispersed at Christie's on May 31. Among the seven Romneys are no fewer than five which feature Lady Hamilton in various guises. The one of her as a Welsh girl (presumably from the tall hat) is strangely unlike the usual "Emma," but she was apparently capable of expressing any emotion, having extraordinary control of her features. One artist wrote, "Lady Hamilton's face remained always beautiful, and yet with the slightest movement, by raising the upper lip a little, she could put into it a look of contempt which was annihilating." Another portrait of her as "Cassandra" is of special interest as it came from the collection of Charles Greville, her protector for four years, and the one man she sincerely loved. It was sold in Greville's own house on Paddington Green, where she had been so happy till Greville surrendered her to his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, for financial reasons. At its first sale in 1810, conducted by Mr. Christie, only 31 guineas were paid for it, whereas in 1920 it obtained £8,925.

Another charming portrait in the Joel sale is Hoppner's picture of his wife, who was the youngest daughter of Mrs. Patience Wright, an American sculptress. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1787, and was still unsold at his death, though it is unquestionably as charming as any he painted.

(*Continued on p. 336*)

MATURITY AND YOUTH: Two more pictures in the Joel sale. *Left*—"Portrait of Mrs. Hoppner," by John Hoppner, R.A., showing her in a white muslin dress and an exceptionally broad-brimmed sun-bonnet. *Right*—"The Woodland Maid," by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The sitter was Miss Emily de Visme who afterwards married General Sir Henry Murray



BY THE ENGLISH TENIERS: Judging from the number of pictures by George Morland in the forthcoming sale at Christie's, the late Mr. Joel must have been deeply attached to the works of this artist who was such a genius in depicting the rural scene. On the left is Morland's "The Public House Door," and on the right is his "Interior of a Country Inn"—two canvases that are sure to fetch high prices

The Royal Tournament of 1935

The Same Dish, with Just a Seasoning of Novelty, Provides First Class Entertainment

In its fifty-second year the Royal Tournament at Olympia remains a cliché incarnate; the cliché is "military precision." The Tournament again proves that the old turns performed with unfailing efficiency, bright uniforms, and an undoubted element of risk form the recipe for one of the world's best shows. Like the circus or the pantomime, we go to the Tournament to welcome old favourites, and the authorities have absorbed this truth. Year by year the same dish is served with just a seasoning of the new, and year by year it gives us equal enjoyment.

To the men there, behind the scenes, the competitive factor in the Tournament comes easily first. The troops plainly take a keen delight in their daily bit of acting, but the admittance of the public to an afternoon and evening performance is regarded as something of a necessary evil—a sop. A morning visit finds the serious work of Olympia in progress from the Service point of view. Quite unspectacular sabre contests, jumping semi-finals, two grunting teams of men on either end of a taut rope; nothing of the gallant show which is needed to titillate the "civilian."

One of the features of the Tournament is the number of genuine contests in which the public is admitted to a partisan rôle. Field-gun crews from Devonport and Chatham appear. Probably not ten persons in the audience have any connection with these two great naval depôts, but, by the time these two teams have got their particular ton of gun and limber hurtling dangerously through the race, there is little doubt regarding the respective sides the civilians have taken. "Come on Chatham!" "Oh, buck up Devonport!" there's a continuous and lusty roar of encouragement.

The Musical Drive of the Royal Horse Artillery cannot fail to impress the observer as having a strong element of risk. This is, however, necessarily more obvious to a Service spectator than to a civilian, throughout the whole performance. As in the Arts, intimate acquaintance gives a fuller appreciation.

This year it is pleasing to see that the three Services combine for the Physical Training display, although the competitive element is retained. For some years past one has been apt to gain the impression that the Royal Air Force is the only Service to take its physique seriously.

This display of superb fitness and control has a noticeable effect on the male section of the audience. Unfailingly the watcher can note a squaring of shoulders, a cautious in-drawing of the waistband, and a tensing of neck muscles. The reaction, which is quite natural and healthy, gives rise to a very pertinent question. The performance we see is not that of exceptional men, but of normal citizens who have been subjected to a careful and premeditated discipline of mind and body. The audience at Olympia taken, with due regard to age, and similarly disciplined for a couple of months, could attain to the same approximate level. The Services consider this physical standard essential in their employees; why does not the State expect more from its citizens, who form the working part of an efficient nation?

So we go on through the list. We see the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers give their supremely graceful musical ride, and marvel at the height of training to which man and beast have together attained. We meet the competitive spirit again in the bridging display of the Royal Engineers. A counterpart to the naval field-guns is this turn. The display of the boys from the Duke of York's School is excellent, but a shade too drawn out. Trick riding by the 7th Queen's Own Hussars, the combination of man, horse, and machine in the Royal Signals' turn, clowns, and gibes at the gongsters, bring us good-humouredly to the combined display and finale by H.M.S. *Excellent*, School of Naval Gunnery, the Army, and Air Force.

D. K. Winslow

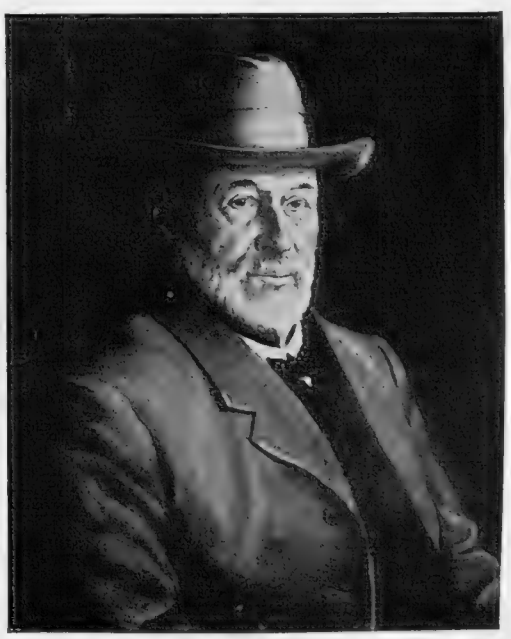
MAINLY PERSONAL

SAFETY FIRST ON "CHILDREN'S DAY": A police van, with a loudspeaker on the roof, used for instructing pointsmen when to clear the traffic in Trafalgar Square to make way for the parties of children crossing from Northumberland Avenue into the Mall. A picture taken last Saturday morning when 70,000 boys and girls came into London to see the King and Queen set out from Buckingham Palace on their ceremonial drive to Marylebone Town Hall

THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S PARENTS IN LONDON: Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece standing with the Duke and Duchess at the entrance of No. 3 Belgrave Square before leaving for Buckingham Palace to have lunch with the King and Queen

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK: The Hon. L. O. Russell, youngest son of Lord and Lady Ampthill, and his bride (formerly Miss Rosemary Wintour) leaving St. Michael's, Chester Square, after their marriage

HOW THEY CELEBRATED: Some of the gaily decorated boats belonging to members of the Thames Motor Cruising Club that took part in a procession from Richmond to Hampton Court Bridge in honour of His Majesty's Silver Jubilee. In the foreground are Mr. J. P. B. Snary (the Commodore of the club), the Earl of Mayo (the President), and the Countess of Mayo



A NOTED NONAGENARIAN: Mr. William Robinson died on Sunday at his home at Gravetye Manor, at the advanced age of ninety-six. He was widely known as the creator of the modern English garden and as author of the *English Flower Garden* (the gardeners' Bible)

INTO THE SUN

Whether you are cruising or spending a happy holiday by the sea, this fresh-looking linen suit is going to be an invaluable ally. It is in white, faced and spotted in navy, cherry, chocolate, or green, and it costs 3½ guineas at Harrods. The sac coat has a curved yoke and wide sleeves, and the very simple frock has two breast pockets. The price of the linen hat is 12s. 9d.

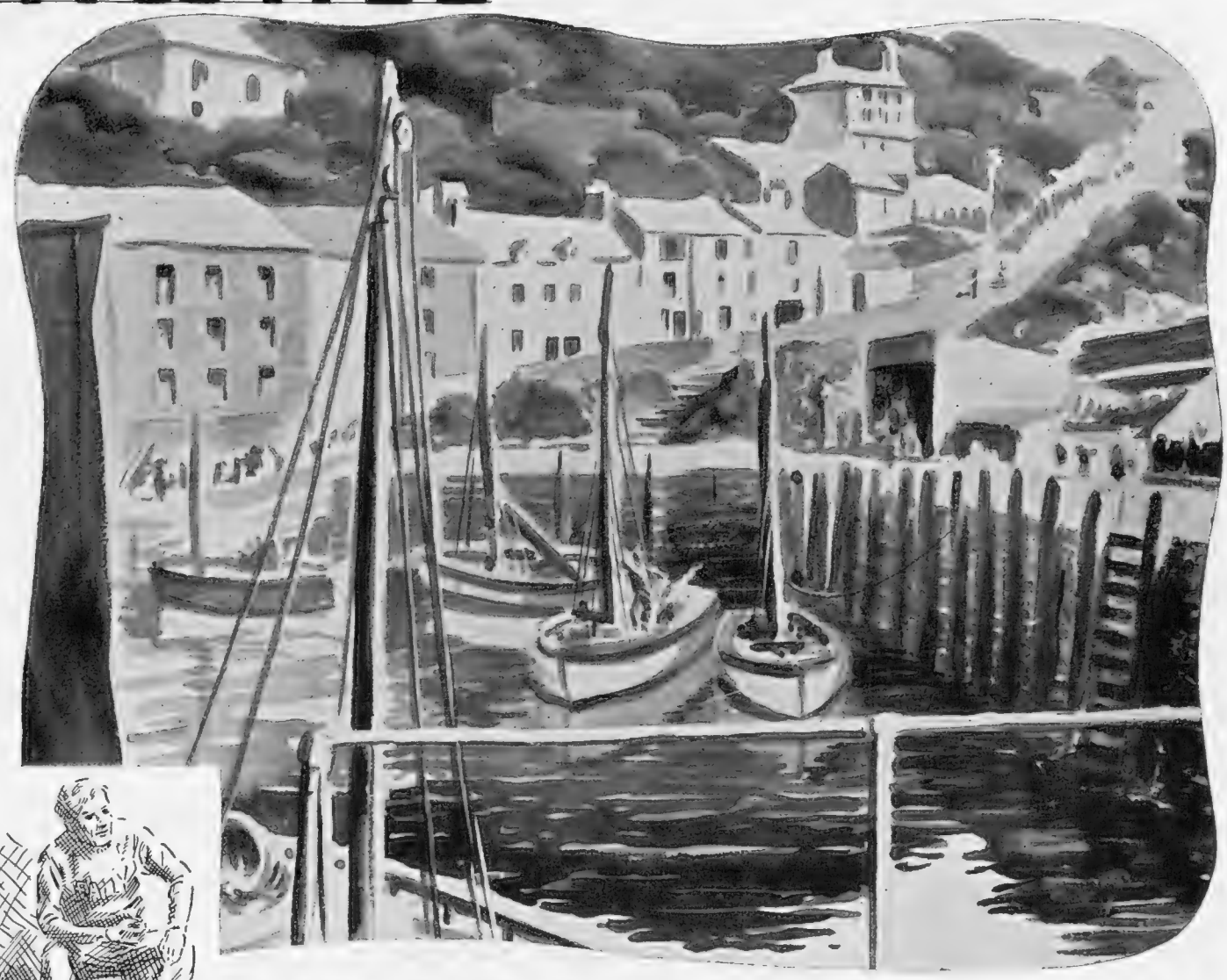
If you want to look thoroughly practical and delightfully cool, choose the dress on the right at the head of this page. Made in men's shirting flannel, it is available in cream, grey, and a host of lovely colours. The skirt has an inverted pleat at the back and front, and the contrasting buttons and belt are most effective. But it is the price that really is impressive—only 2 guineas. And the flannel hat is 18s. 9d.—both from Harrods

For summer evenings—for river parties—or for garden parties, here are two charming and amazingly inexpensive frocks. The girl on the steps wears a dress of pique voile patterned in delightful colours. It has the new thrown-back sleeves and a draped neck, and it costs 50s. at Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W. The second frock is also made in pique voile, its slenderness accented by a spiral frill which winds up from the hem. This costs 2 guineas

Holiday-land of

LEGEND & ROMANCE ..

CORNWALL



Many people have to take early holidays. In Cornwall this is no disadvantage, for the climate is as health-giving now as it is in August. Cornwall's scenery is a reflex of England's infinite variety: majestic cliffs, sheltered sandy coves, old-world fishing havens, moorlands and hills provide vistas of enchanting beauty. In addition, the holiday-maker will find lavish facilities for bathing, boating, golf, freshwater angling and sea fishing.

A Cornish holiday is one that will live happily in your memory.

BEFORE YOU GO

Two books that will tell you all about Cornwall and the accommodation it affords:

"THE CORNISH RIVIERA" by S. P. B. Mais (price 1/- paper cover, 2/6 bound in cloth).

"HOLIDAY HAUNTS" 1935, containing Holiday Addresses, Photographs, &c. (price 6d.)

HOW YOU GET THERE

"Monthly Return" Tickets at about 1d. a mile 3rd, or 1½d. a mile 1st Class are issued from nearly all stations.

WHEN YOU GET THERE

1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets, at exceptionally cheap rates, will enable you to see the best of the Duchy.

All information will gladly be supplied by the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station or the usual Tourist Agencies.

GWR

BIGGER AND BETTER: The motorist's complaint that the existing de-restriction signs are so small that they are often missed is being rectified by the introduction of this new type which is the same in diameter as the "30" sign

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

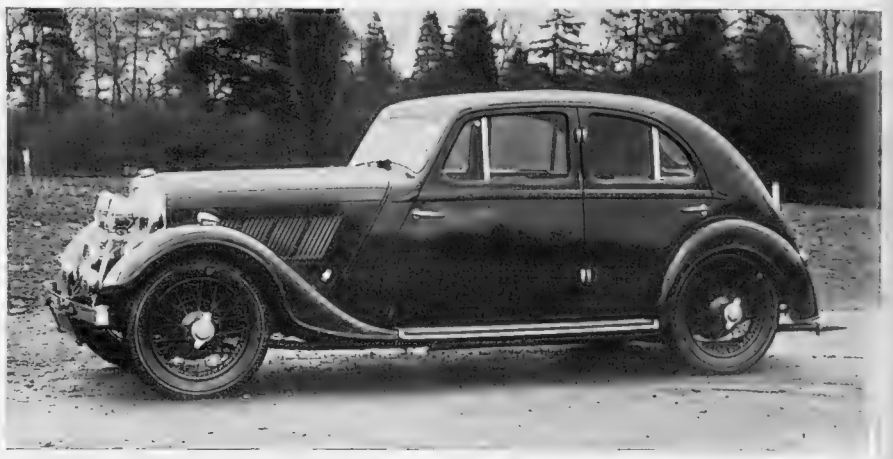
I DOUBT if any Chancellor of the Exchequer has aroused less criticism for his Budget than in the case of that introduced by Mr. Neville Chamberlain before Easter. Probably the great majority of the nation are pleased, and rightly so, either because some of their wage-cuts have been restored, or because their contributions to the country in the shape of income tax have been decreased. Those of us who have studied the Budget a little more closely, and motorists have probably done so, must be amazed at the proposals with regard to the additional duty on oil intended for use in Diesel engines, and the suggestion that some of the Road Fund should be taken away and used for general purposes. In spite of increasing popularity the Diesel engine, as applied to mechanical transport, is still very much in its infancy. The amount of use which it enjoys to-day cannot possibly have any real effect on the duties which the Chancellor expects to obtain from petrol during the coming year. I am not surprised that a heavy duty should have been earmarked for Diesel oil in the future in order to bring it into line with that levied on petrol, but to have brought it in at this ridiculously early stage would surely retard the experimental work which is at present being undertaken so as to adapt the Diesel engine for private car use.

If the experimental work is abandoned, or even retarded, then I think that the Chancellor will have a difficulty in proving that he has not been responsible for omitting to contribute towards the safety of the roads and the air. No one ever dreamt that when the Diesel engine became perfected it would be any cheaper to run, for, as I have mentioned before, an additional duty was to be expected, and that the price of fuel was also likely to be raised once its sales interfered with that of petrol. The great point about a Diesel engine was the degree of safety which it could bestow on those that were propelled along the road or in the air by it. I do not know how many people are burnt to death every year by their car or their aeroplane catching fire after a crash. The number, however, must be considerable, and I think it is fair to suppose that in all such cases the fitting of a Diesel engine rather than a petrol power unit would have prevented the conflagration. Surely the few extra pounds that the Chancellor expects to obtain by raising the duty on fuel oil is not commensurate with the lives which may be lost owing to the Diesel engine being retarded in its process towards perfection.

The Minister of Transport has told us that he is embarking on a Five-Years' Plan to rebuild and improve our existing roads and to lay down a whole series of new highways. If this scheme is put through with the least possible delay it will be the most valuable contribution Mr. Hore-Belisha, or any other Minister of Transport, has ever made towards that great object, the reduction of the number of road casualties. Scarcely are the words out of Mr. Hore-Belisha's mouth when the Chancellor of the Exchequer calmly says he wants some of the Road Fund money as Mr. Hore-Belisha has more than he can spend. For the five months, ending February 1935, 162,582 new motor vehicles were produced from British motor car factories. This is an increase of 23,105 cars as compared with 1934 over the same period. It is admitted that our roads are out-of-date and quite unsuitable for the traffic which they are now called upon to bear.

Bad as the position is at the moment, what is it going to be this time next year? The huge increase which I have mentioned has taken place in the winter months. I should not be surprised if there were 100,000 more vehicles on the road at the end of this year's motoring season than was the case in 1934. Those in authority should be working overtime detailing the various roads that should be widened, the bends that should be eased, the cross-roads that should be altered, and the thousand and one other improvements which can be carried out straight away without waiting for any marvellous plans. From what we know from the Minister of Transport he would not mind working after hours, he has the money, for the Chancellor has told us he has too much, and the unemployment returns satisfy us that there is plenty of labour available. Why, then, is an immediate move not made?

(Continued on p. 334)



MODERN GRACE: The Rover Speed 14 Streamline Coupe which combines practical streamlining with beauty of appearance. As to performance, a speed of well over 80 m.p.h. was recently recorded at Brooklands which indicates that it is well capable of living up to its name

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Willing

THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from p. 332)

Talking of road improvements reminds me that someone in authority should advise local councils as to the best design of roundabout to adopt. We have those of large diameter and small diameter but completely circular. Some are edged round with railings, whilst those in the Oxford district have a high earth centre. Lately a different design has made its appearance on the Kingston by-pass. In general form it is diamond-shaped, though if it were actually a diamond we might not object, but someone has pushed the diamond on the top, with the result that the leg you enter is much easier to negotiate than the leg you leave by. This construction, I think, is exceedingly dangerous. First, because a driver naturally expects to find the second half of the roundabout to be at the same angle as the first he has negotiated. In this particular case it is far more abrupt, and he has to brake suddenly. The more serious aspect, however, is that the second half rejoins, what one might term the main road, at an angle much closer to a right-angle than is pleasant, with the result that the car negotiating it must perforce go more into the centre of the main roadway than is desirable. I cannot see any reason whatever for this strange design, and it is certainly one which I would not expect from the enlightened Surrey County Council.

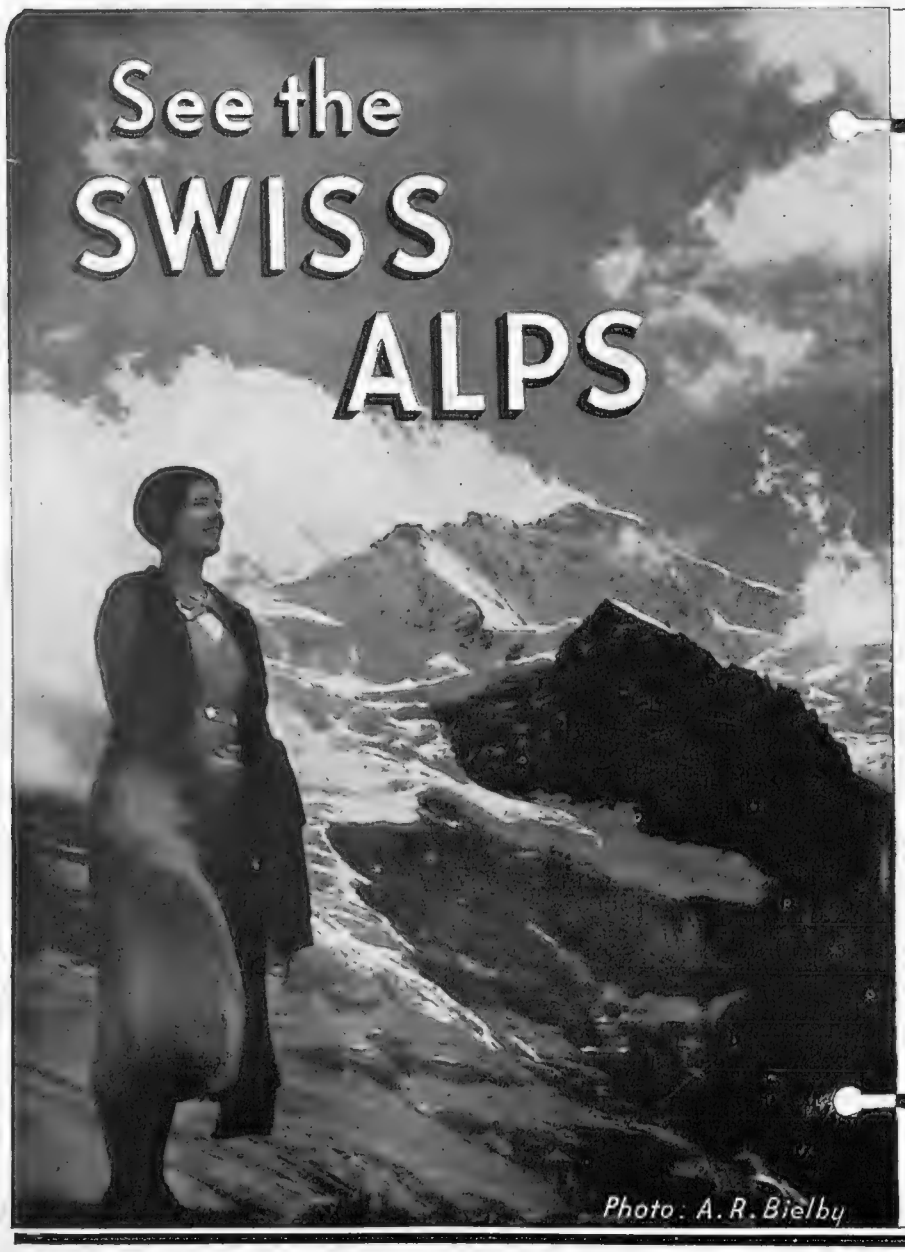
A TOPICAL TOUCH: A feature of the Jubilee celebrations at Kingston was this decorated Vauxhall car and its tiny counterpart. Both these exhibits were run by the Kingston Hill Motor Works

No doubt picnicking will be as popular this summer as it was last year. Personally, I have never been in favour of this type of meal, preferring to eat a humble sandwich if I could not or did not eat a meal in a hotel. I always object to having ants in the butter, wasps in the jam, and beetles in my whisky and soda, but the modern motorist tries to convince me that such discomforts are relics of a bygone age, and that to-day the picnicker sits in his car and eats comfortably and away from intruding insects. Quite true, I've tried that, but I have not the art or the skill to balance a plate of cold salmon on my knee whilst I reach down for a tumbler on the floor. In my humble opinion the modern car may have robbed the picnic of many of its shortcomings but has introduced new ones of its own. Not so long ago I went to a shoot with a friend of mine, and when he told me that we should have our lunch in his car I felt almost like shooting him, but as I was a guest my better manners came out on top and I expressed, with what I hoped seemed to him to be, my sincere delight at the prospect of having such a meal.

My fears, however, were quite ill-founded, for when we came to eat he produced two tables which hung on the back of the squab of the front seats and both of us sat in the back seats and ate off these tables with the greatest of ease and comfort. I have seen other tables which were hung out of the roof on chains or, in very expensive cars, built into the back of the front seats. The former would sway alarmingly and the latter were too expensive for ordinary folk. These latest tables struck me as being so simple and yet so secure that I wondered that no one had thought of them before. They looked nice, they were put into position in an instant and they were as easily stowed away after the meal. No alteration had to be made to the seats in order to accommodate them and I was further surprised in the evening to find one of the self-same tables hanging on the arm of a great big easy chair when I sat down after dinner for a drink and a smoke. These tables are ridiculously cheap and they are made and supplied by the Tickford Car Table Company, Tickford House, Newport Pagnell.

SAFETY AT NIGHT: A special machine at work on the gigantic task of whitening the kerbs on the Glasgow-Edinburgh road. This precaution will greatly assist night drivers

H.M. The King has taken delivery of a new Daimler State car which was ordered from Stratstone Limited of Pall Mall. This new car, which was specially built for its Royal owner by the Daimler Company, has a twelve-cylinder engine with an R.A.C. rating of 49.4. The coachwork is also of special design and has been built by Messrs. Hooper and Co. (Coachbuilders) Ltd., to meet the special Royal requirements. Actually the first Royal car in the world, which incidentally is still in running order, was a 6 h.p. Daimler supplied to King Edward VII (then Prince of Wales) in 1899. During the thirty-six years from that time the Kings and Queens of England have owned thirty-six cars of this make.



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Germany's Air Minister at Home

(Continued from p. 314)

support a wife. And each married girl means one girl less in the labour market. I do not think that married women should work outside their homes. They have enough to do looking after their houses, husbands, and children. The wives of men in humble circumstances have all the work and cooking to do, and others owe it to their husbands to help him socially, and with their companionship."

Frau Göring explained that she considered that woman's full measure of companionship and equality with man could be fulfilled in the home. It is not necessary for women to partner men in public or political affairs.

"While I think that women should certainly exercise their right to vote, I do not like to see them in politics. Politics and Parliaments with their bitter and often noisy discussions, are not for women. When you come to reflect, the German women in the Reichstag have very little influence compared with what the German women in their homes can do, and are doing for the nation."

Frau Göring agreed that women of exceptional talent or genius should be encouraged in their careers. She approves sports and games.

"I myself enjoy horse-riding, swimming, and country life. I love the theatre and the opera. One of my favourite occupations is fine sewing, most of my lingerie I make myself. I do not dance . . ." catching my surprised look, she added "strange for an actress, perhaps, but I have always taken my work so seriously that I have not had time for dancing or frivolities."

Germany's First Lady has given up her professional career. She did not express any regret to me, but lingered over the big book of Press clippings, complete to her farewell performance in the rôle of Minna von Barnhelm, a patriotic part.

"I have another rôle to play now," she smiled. "My life will be devoted to my husband, his interests, and his work. Oh, yes, I will go out in Society. I think that is an important part of a wife's duty. Leader of fashion? . . . I have not thought of that. You see, I dress very individually, very simply. I never buy a ready-made dress or model gown. I have my dresses made to my own design on plain lines. Blue, grey, and white are my favourite colours.

"My husband likes blue best, so I wear it often. Of course I like jewellery, but wear only one or two pieces at a time. No, I have never had my hair cut short. . . ."

Frau Göring is thirty-six, was born in Hamburg, married before. Sonnemann is her maiden name. Her father did not want her to be an actress, but her mother, believing in her talent, did not discourage her. Herr Sonnemann is still alive.

"One thing is lacking to make my happiness complete," Frau Göring said. "If only mother were here now. It has been just these last months that I have wanted her most. I wish she was here to know, to see. . . ." her voice quivered. Her blue eyes filled with tears. It was several minutes before she regained her composure. Frau Göring is genuinely simple and unspoiled. Her charm and graceful manners are spontaneous. There is nothing of the theatrical about her. She has not yet had time to absorb the atmosphere of tenseness, intrigue, and suspicion into which she is plunged as the wife of General Göring. If she remains as natural and unaffected as she is now she will be Nazi-Germany's best ambassadress. Of course she would like to travel.

"Fogs in London would make me feel at home. I like fog. There is so much fog in Hamburg. As a little girl I used to run into the foggy garden, stand there alone, wonderfully cut off from everything. Complete with my own thoughts and dreams.

"My husband likes wild animals and keeps them quite loose, running about his estate. But come and see some of the wedding presents."

"Ja, gewiss." The bridegroom-General rose from his chair. In the next half-hour I saw more silver than I thought anyone except a King could possess.

"I have always liked silver," the Air Minister told me. "Now I think I have the finest collection of silver of any private individual in the country."

It seemed that every city, town and association had contributed valuable specimens to his collection. Vases, plates, trays, candelabras, beakers, cups, bowls, platters, table and desk appointments, some antique, others of finest modern work. It would be impossible to catalogue a hundredth part of what the General or Frau Göring showed me. Paintings, rare porcelains, antique glass, furniture, even household brushes and dusters. Piles of hand embroidery from villages and individual peasants. A number of beautiful church effigies, reliefs, and carvings. The General especially appeared thoroughly satisfied with his new acquisitions.

Frau Göring, examining a peasant-worked kerchief, murmured a little shyly, "All the same, the little personal gifts like this touch me most."

The Dispersal of the S. B. Joel Collection

(Continued from p. 328)

His son, later on, sold this portrait of his mother to one of the forebears of Mr. J. H. B. Christie, who obtained for it in 1913 the enormous sum of £9,765. Hoppner's great rival, Sir Thomas Lawrence, is also represented in the sale, one of the most delightful examples being "The Woodland Maid." The little dark-eyed muslin-clad maiden afterwards married General Sir Henry Murray, in whose family it remained till 1904, when it was sold for £1,102.

There are no fewer than twenty-four examples of George Morland's work, showing him at his best, the English Teniers, depicting the simple life of the countryside. Even in London he would find some hayloft where he could paint horses and wagons, or hunt out some inn to which the drovers came. He loved to paint direct from nature, but his eye registered details vividly in his memory so that he surprised people by painting accurately in his studio without models. It was unfortunate that his models were too often found in inns where his natural joviality led him to excess. The moral pictures which he occasionally painted of the effects of indulgence in extravagance and vice were unfortunately exhibited in his own life, and the artist who was imprisoned for debt now has his pictures sold for large sums. One of them to be offered on the 31st, "Boys Skating," fetched £1,470 in 1917.

But it is not only the work of the eighteenth century that can realize good prices. Only last month in Christie's saleroom a picture by Joseph Crawhall of "A Mallard Rising from the Water," painted on linen, was sold for 1,150 guineas. Crawhall's art is greatly appreciated in Scotland, where he has been more exhibited than in England, largely perhaps because he belonged to the Glasgow School. He paints mainly in water-colour upon brown linen, his favourite subjects being birds and animals, which he depicts with great decorative skill. This is the first time that a picture of his, in the saleroom, has risen above 400 guineas, so that the large sum just realized shows how highly his work is esteemed.

B. H.

The Queen at Cowes

Messrs. Wm. U. Kirk and Son, the well-known portrait and yachting photographers, have asked us to state that the picture of the Queen and the Duke of Kent, which appeared in the first Jubilee issue of THE SPHERE, was taken by them on the Royal Yacht at Cowes.

The Cecil Aldin Memorial Exhibition

A memorial exhibition of the paintings and drawings of the late Mr. Cecil Aldin, whose delightful illustrations of animals brought him world-wide fame, is now in its closing stages at the Galleries of the Fine Art Society, Ltd., at 148 New Bond Street, and all who can find time should certainly visit this show which contains some of the best examples of Mr. Aldin's art. Many of the pictures on view are sketches which he kept by him for reference and have not been shown to the public before, while his landscapes made in Majorca are among his happiest efforts and are well deserving of close study

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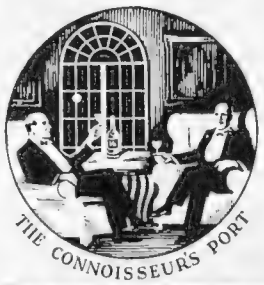

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TAMING THE HWANG HO

(Continued from p. 310)

Sorrow," even when in flood, strictly within bounds. Compelled to keep to a comparatively narrow bed the river should gain in speed and so become strong enough to wash all its loess away into the Yellow Sea. Gradually, also, the Hwang Ho would deepen its channel and thereby be forced permanently to follow one and the same course: no more banditry. The objection to this solution is the colossal expense many hundred miles of such embankments would necessitate. So the Germans have been thinking and experimenting with their model at their front door. And Dr. Engels lately hit upon a stunt which has yet to pass its final tests.

Roughly, the idea is to fix the river bed at middle-water height and not to seek to prevent the river's high water from overflowing. Each successive inundation will raise the submerged flats until they are above the highest high-water mark.

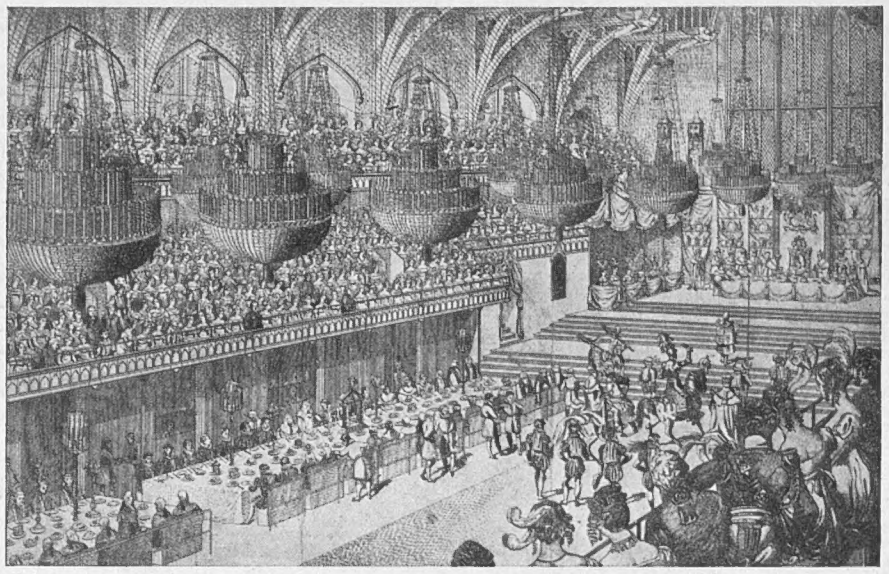
Initial tests at Obernach showed that such a flood control system would work: it raised the flooded land with the estimated speed, and at the same time the river bed deepened more swiftly than by any other method.

Such tests would take a year or two out in China. At Obernach you can have a new flood every few days. The whole area of the floods has been copied with mathematical exactitude, and the staff can come into lunch discussing how this and that town or province was destroyed that morning.

Many remarkable gadgets are in use to check results. All measuring apparatus is mounted on trolleys so that it may continue functioning while flooding trials are under way; the trolleys straddling the model river. The changing condition of the river bed and the rapidity of the stream are registered from a punt-like contrivance.

The latest position is that while Dr. Engels' scheme still holds the field, in view of its vastly lesser cost, the astute Chinese "observers" of the Peiping Government discovered one serious flaw. The model river was a dead straight affair! It didn't zig-zag as real rivers do!

Nothing doing! Or, rather, all is now having to be done over again with a real winding river. And time presses.



A PLACE OF HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS: Westminster Hall, the scene last week of the presentation by the Lords and Commons of loyal Addresses to the King, is shown in this engraving as it was in 1821 during the banquet attended by George IV in honour of his coronation. Mounted on a charger at the foot of the steps is the Honourable the King's Champion, Henry Dymoke, who in accordance with time-honoured custom issued "a challenge to mortal combat to all who might gainsay the paramount claims of his sovereign"

CONTROLLING THE BEDOUIN OF TRANS-JORDAN

(Continued from p. 320)

Trans-Jordan Bedouin are appalling. I have even seen men grubbing for food amongst the corn left by camels in Legion posts.

The Trans-Jordan Government, bereft of funds, is at a loss. Actually, it has to supply in relief much of what it takes in the form of taxation from these nomads.

Cannot the problem be attacked from a new angle? There are, I think, two possibilities. Why not encourage the two things in which the Bedouin have few superiors, namely, grazing, and the breeding of livestock? For the first, more water is necessary; why not drill for water in desert areas (as, for example, the Iraq Petroleum Company successfully drilled during the construction of the Iraq-Mediterranean pipe-line)? And why not study scientifically, and give to the Bedu the results of such research, the world markets for such stock as he can breed—camels, sheep, goats, and, to a lesser extent, horses? It is known, for example, by the expert, although it is not generally known by the Bedu, that certain kinds of goat-skins are more valuable in present conditions than others. Why not study such details and make a present of the fruits to the needy, and because of British efforts, the now orderly Bedu?

Without some such solution the extinction of the Trans-Jordan Bedouin seems but a matter of time.

Not everything that has been written about the Bedouin, either for good or ill, is true; but it is true that they have certain noble, unique qualities, and are well worthy of survival, even in a difficult world. It would be melancholy, indeed, to think that the black tents of the Bedouin, their heroic ballads, their inexhaustible camel-lore, even their bitter coffee sipped round the tent fires, were doomed to nothingness; and perhaps more melancholy still to realize that the freedom-loving British had, wittingly or unwittingly, assisted in the moulding of so dismal and avoidable a fate.

DUST OVER AMERICA

(Continued from p. 322)

authorities projected a mighty 1,000-miles forest belt to run across the path of the prevalent winds in mile-wide strips with farm land in between. It has been argued, however, that afforestation of the plains on a scale large enough to afford soil protection in windy seasons would be a work on a scale which might daunt even men in a country where they do things on a bigger scale than elsewhere. It would not be just a case of planting trees and watching them grow swiftly. They would need attention over a long period on these plains where trees have not grown in centuries, and where dust-storms now seem to be an established annual phenomenon.

The political leaders have a remedy. It is to fight wind by ploughing deep furrows, which, drawn counter to the prevailing winds, would provide mounds of earth to catch the drifting soil. The Federal Relief Administrator is touring the region to see what money the programme would take; for the farmers have neither cash nor credit to hire labour or buy tractor fuel for this extensive non-revenue-producing work.

Authorities able to take a more detached view seem to think that there will be no ultimate remedy except to curb intensive farming, and over large areas of the great plains put back the grass whose roots bound the soil together before the farmers came, enabling it to defy the periodic big winds and droughts.

In any case the prospect is that if this immense problem is not successfully solved, Nature will avenge herself. These plains will be lost to the cultivator. They will become a region of dust storms, and will revert to desert.

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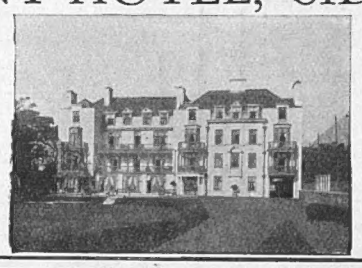

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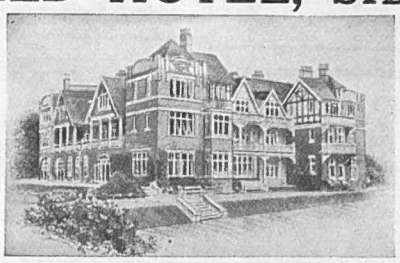

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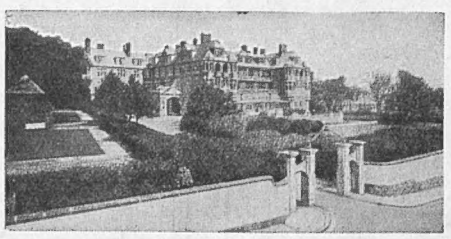

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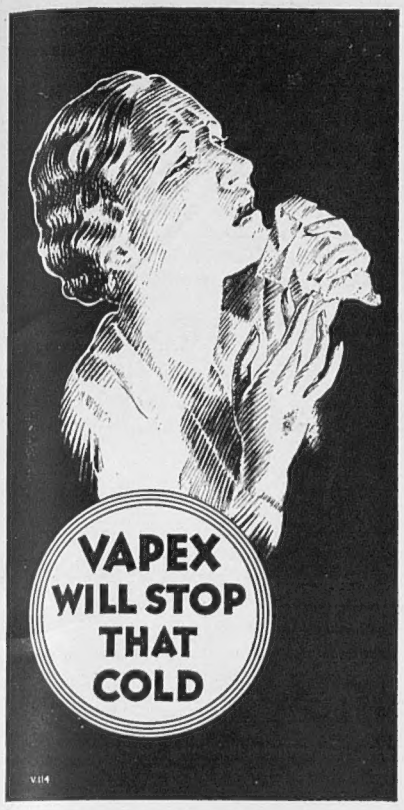

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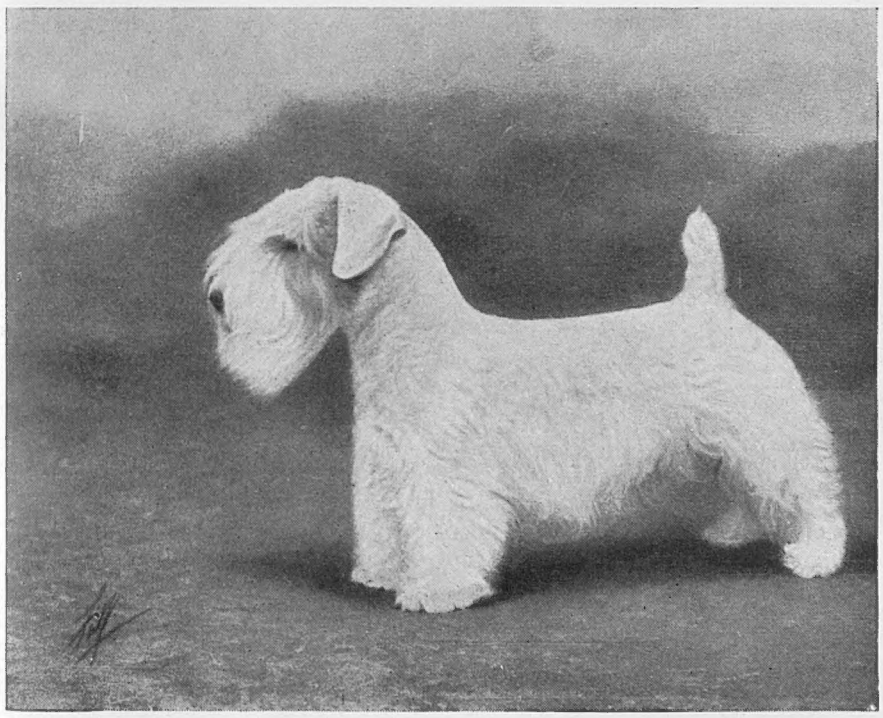

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